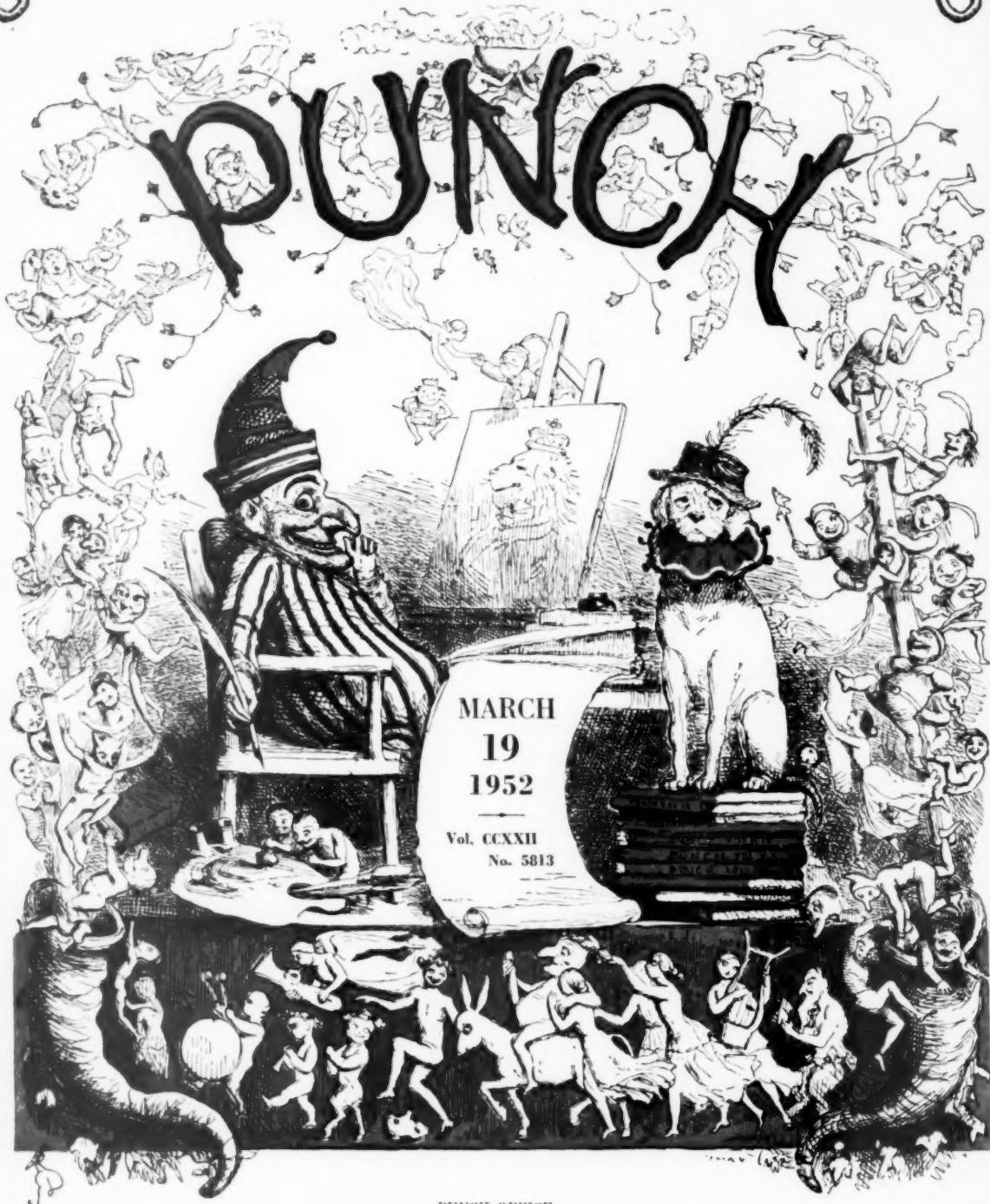


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY MARCH 19 1952

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



— from that day
to this, I have never
been able to accustom
myself to any other tobacco

"I first came across your Tobacco about a year ago, when I was travelling . . . I had run short of my then favourite brand, which shall be nameless, and, on enquiring in the smoking room bar was told that there was none to be had . . . Looking through their supply of tobaccos, I chose a tin of Barneys, and from that day to this, I have never been able to accustom myself to any other tobacco."

Barneys

the Ideal Tobacco

All original letters can be inspected at, and further enquiries addressed to, The Barneys Sales Bureau,
24 Holborn, London, E.C.1.

In your quest for a tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the commendations of older smokers. Smokers abroad can arrange for personal dispatches, Ex-bond and British Duty-free, in 2lb. parcels, to many lands, but not, as yet, to all.

(126)

★ Punchbowl (full), Barneys (medium), and
Parsons Pleasure (mild), 4/5 the oz. each.



John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne, Eng.

Smartness doesn't end with clothes . . .



only ANTLER soft-top
"personal" cases can add that final
touch of elegance. They're light,
so finely finished, sensibly
styled, with lovely linings to enhance
discreet colours. Yet, they're
surprisingly reasonable in price.

ask for

ANTLER

from ANTLER Authorized DEALERS



J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3

Godiva

TRAILER PUMPS

**Godiva, the fire-fighting equipment
that so rapidly earned a nation-wide
reputation for efficiency, owes its
success to the policy of continued
specialization and development by**

Coventry Climax
ENGINES LTD. COVENTRY

PROVED BY
17 YEARS
OF ENDING
BUILDING

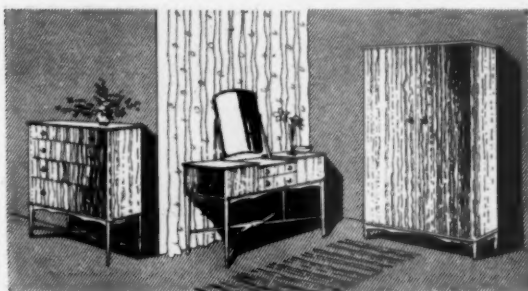


Lambs Leap...

Lambs leap at the chance to get their wool into those bouncy BMK carpets. These Scotch Blackfaced sheep are celebrating the choice of their extra-springy wool by BMK. It's blended with other fine strains, and woven on modern looms into good-looking carpets and rugs, with the craftsmanship of old Kilmar-nock. Finally, the BMK label crowns the result—when you're carpet-buying, look for it before you leap! Then you'll be sure to land on good value.



BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK



Eucalyptus and Yew Tree are the woods used in this new reasonably priced bedroom furniture, specially designed for Heal's by Shirley Slater. There are easy-to-clean drawers, padded jewel tray, removable cosmetic compartment and a portable mirror. At Heal's you can always see a wide range of furniture, including hand-made pieces, by well-known designers. Write for our new catalogue "Contemporary Furniture at Heal's."

Spring is Here—and so are Heal's new furnishing fabrics, at very reasonable prices. Their gay contemporary designs provide a harmonious background for modern living.

The second floor is mainly devoted to fine modern English pottery and glass. You'll be impressed, too, by the graceful shapes of the glass from Scandinavia and Holland. Examples of the reasonably priced things you can buy in this department:—6 sapphire blue tumblers and jug for 32/6, and 7-piece fruit set for 25/-.

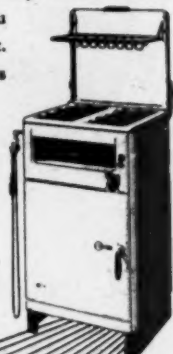
HEAL & SON

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W. 1. Telephone: MUSeum 1666



The gods of the Old World were an unpredictable lot. What with the tantrums of Zeus and Hera's petty jealousies, it's a wonder Jason ever brought home the Golden Fleece at all. With the **NEW WORLD**, however (and we refer particularly to the **NEW WORLD 1840 GAS COOKER**), you may feel completely confident.

It will never fail you in moments of need and you don't have to venture into unknown realms to find it. Why not see it yourself at your local gas showrooms? You'll have a far richer prize than Jason ever dreamed of, when you can say—



...it's a



for me!

A BEDROOM TO ADMIRE FOR ITS ELEGANCE AND

Craftsmanship



VANTONA COURT BEDCOVERS can make a bedroom—give it charm and a character all its own. Their designs are woven into a fabric that is hard wearing, colour fast and washes perfectly. There is a wide range of choice, and each design is available in Pacific Blue, Lime Green, Coral Pink or Honey. Sizes range from 70" x 100" to 90" x 100".

The Vantona Household Advice Bureau has a brochure with details of bedroom schemes like the one shown here. Write for your copy (free) to Dept. 9, Vantona Household Advice Bureau, Vantona House, 107 Portland Street, Manchester 1.



174/570 Particularly effective in a feminine bedroom—a charming cottage floral.



FOR MOTHER—Sunday, March 23rd



Be SURE
your greetings
arrive

**Say it with
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE**

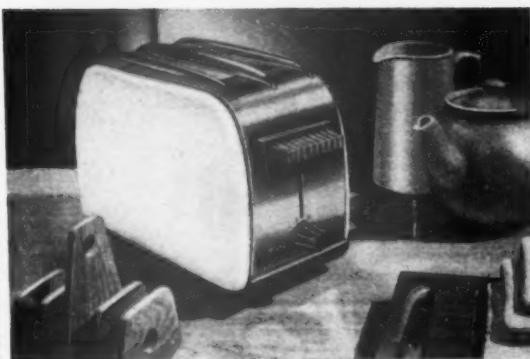
Order only from florists displaying the above symbol.

We guarantee the delivery of fresh flowers locally or anywhere in the free world within a matter of hours if necessary.

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THE INTERNATIONAL Flowers-by-Wire Service

Issued by INTERFLORA (Dept. P.) 358/362 Kensington High Street, W.14



When you demand perfection

Built with the care of a fine watch, this beautiful automatic toaster makes toast for the discriminating. A symphony in chrome and plastic, it is fitted with an exclu-

sive clock movement that ensures toast to your personal taste. This economic toaster will give years of service, using only 25% of the power of your grill.

Robot FALKS Toaster
PRICE £6.6.0

Obtainable from usual electrical suppliers. For name of nearest stockist write to the makers, FALKS, U Dept., 91 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1. West End Showrooms: 20 Mount Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.

S.F.T.C.



WOOL PRICES REDUCED!

**now is the time
to invest in EARLY-WARMTH**

* * *

Reduced in price but not in value

Wool prices have fallen, and blanket prices too. Therefore NOW is the time to buy Earlywarm—the blankets which give you all those qualities you need in a good blanket.

They give long service—years and years—thanks to the devoted care with which they are made. They give “warmth without weight”—thanks to their high quality wool—They are colour-fast against sun and washing. They are odourless.

In short Earlywarm Blankets—the choice of lovers of wise luxury for well over 250 years—have not only maintained their leadership. They have increased it! Ask for them by name. White, striped or pastel shades. See them. Feel them. And you too will agree that you will be more comfortable for more years in—

EARLYWARM

all wool
WITNEY BLANKETS

An EARLY Product from Witney, Oxfordshire

SPRING CLEANING WITHOUT BACKACHE *yet everything extra clean*

FOR SPRING CLEANING you deserve all the help you can get. So if yours is an old-fashioned out-of-date cleaner—or if you haven't got one at all—now's the time to buy a new “Hoover” with all the latest features. It cleans your carpets far more thoroughly and with much less effort. And, of course, you will want the easy-to-use cleaning tools for curtains, upholstery, etc.

MAKES CARPETS LAST LONGER

Buying a Hoover Cleaner is real economy, too, because it makes your carpets last longer. You see, it does so much more than ordinary vacuum cleaners—it removes the sharp pieces of damaging grit that get trodden right down into the carpet, where they cut the pile. Only the “Hoover” has the gentle beating action and this removes even deeply embedded grit.

You'll be proud to have a “Hoover” about your home. A really sound investment, giving very many years of hard service.

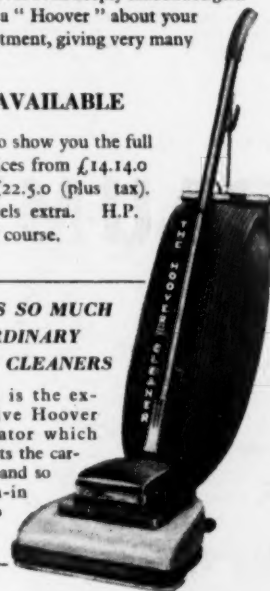
H.P. TERMS AVAILABLE

Ask your Hoover Dealer to show you the full range of latest models. Prices from £14.14.0 (plus purchase tax) to £22.5.0 (plus tax). Tools for Agitator models extra. H.P. terms can be arranged, of course.

THE HOOVER DOES SO MUCH MORE THAN ORDINARY VACUUM CLEANERS



This is the exclusive Hoover Agitator which gently beats the carpet on a cushion of air, and so extracts the trodden-in gritty dirt, which is so damaging.



The
HOOVER
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER



It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

You save money

*with an ESSE
heat storage cooker*

The secret's in the heat storage principle which gives you such enormous "fuel economy" that the saving finally pays for the cooker itself . . . and you can get an ESSE today on easy terms and pay as you save!

.. and you get these other advantages



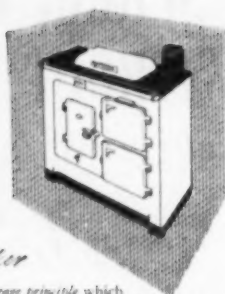
* COOK, ANTI-RACID
OR PHOSPHATE

constant hot water day and night
continuous 24-hour cooking service
thermostatic heat control
roomy 'fast' and 'slow' ovens
fast-boiling hotplate
large simmering space
no soot or oven flues to clean
scrupulous cleanliness

Illustr.: 1 oven ESSE Fairy with boiler £26.17.6. Without boiler £16.6. or monthly terms.

Literature with pleasure from:

The ESSE Cooker Company, Prop., South & Wellwood Ltd., End. 18/4
Bonybriggs, Strathgibbie
London: 64 Conduit St., W. 1 and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow



THIS SIGN IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF VALUE



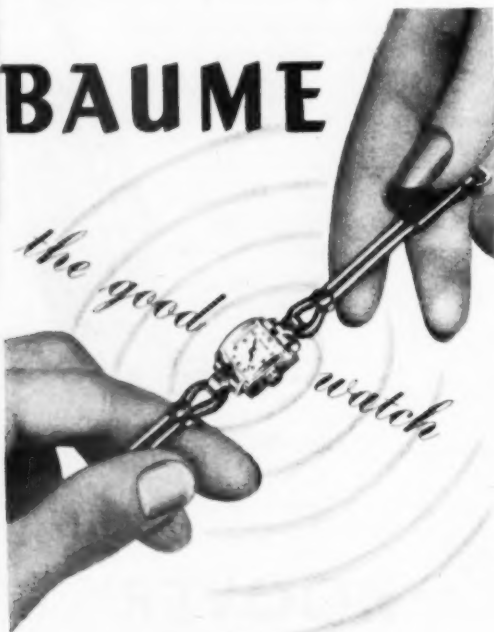
The overnight case
with feminine grace

*'Milady' soft-top
cases by*

NOTON

WORKS: WALTHAMSTOW & OLDHAM. TRADE SHOWROOMS: 22 BROOK ST., W. 1

BAUME



BAUME & CO. LTD. LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS



Burglar draws a blank!

Windows are bound to be weak points in the defences of a house. Whatever precautions you take, you may not be able to stop a burglar entering. But you can do the next best thing. You can keep him where he is, unable to leave the room he has entered except by the window. And you can do it very inexpensively.

THE "INVISIBLE" LOCK

The Chubb Security Bolt costs only 8.6d. Fitted to your door it is practically invisible from the outside and totally invisible from the inside. The burglar sees only a blank door. And no amount of cunning will help him. Only the key will open the bolt, and then only from the outside. And however many Security Bolts you fit, one key is all you need.

Ask to see other Chubb anti-burglar locks stocked by your local ironmonger



**What the burglar
doesn't see**

Your view of the Chubb Security Bolt (no bigger than a penny). From his side, the burglar sees nothing. And sheer force will have no effect: the Bolt has the strength of the whole door. Price 8.6d.

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*I'm glad
I've got a 'Baby Belling'*

It's just the thing for the small home, it's so economical and so easy to use. It toasts, bakes, fries, grills and boils and there's a really big oven, big enough for a 6lb. joint and a pie—and you can keep three pans on the boil at the same time. See one at your Electrical Shop or Showroom.

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BELLING & CO. LIMITED · ENFIELD · MIDDLESEX

CRG 112



"Soft and round and even" broke in the Lavenda lamb,
"you're knitting pretty in Lavenda."

knit in **LAVENDA**

made by *distats* of Bradford

Churlish Char becomes a 'regular' daily help



That Mrs. Dogsboddy, my daily. The only serious charring she does is with my precious tea ration. "Er...good morning?" I mumbled hopefully.

"For some, maybe," sniffed Mrs. D., "but not for me. It's me usual trouble—constipation. I can't hardly stay on me poor feet."

"30 poor feet, if you ask me," I said.

"Beg pardon?" grumped Mrs. D.

"Just as I said," I said. "Your trouble starts in that 30-ft. length of piping inside you, which all your food has to go through. And it's because the soft, starchy stuff we eat nowadays doesn't give your intestinal muscles anything to pull on. When they stop working properly it causes—"

"Ere, go show!" panted Mrs. D.

"Yes indeed," I cried, "it does cause a go-slow—in your inside. And it's then, when your system isn't working to rule, that you get constipated. What you need," I said, "is bulk."

"I don't hold with medicines," growled Mrs. D.

"You don't have to," I said.

"All you need is All-Bran for breakfast. It'll give those muscles of yours all the bulk they need to work on. It's delicious and it'll make you 'regular'."

"Humph!" puffed Mrs. D., and as chargs go she went.

That was Thursday. When Monday came, enter a new Mrs. D., a dust-defying, clean-sweeping domestic operative! "Good morning," I cried. "Can you do me now?"

"Try to stop me!" carolled Mrs. D. "I feel wonderful. That All-Bran's made me 'regular' in three days. It's been the making of me!"

"A perfect treasure," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system 'bulk' to prevent constipation. All-Bran's 'bulk' enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.



Full o' the joys of Spring

For luxurious, lasting sleep comfort the Somnus inner-spring mattress is unequalled. The secret is in the fine interior construction, out of sight, but never out of our mind.

Ask your furnisher or write for a descriptive folder.



**SOMNUS
BEDDING**

FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

Obtainable from all good house furnishers
WILLIAM RHODES LIMITED, CARLTON CROSS MILLS, LEEDS, 1
also at The Wells Road, Nottingham



Windsor Tub-thumping by the ERCOLion

"Behold my Windsor Tub chair," said the ERCOLion, "designed for people of taste who have little money to indulge it and small room to exercise it. Observe the sturdy construction, the spring-filled tapestry cushion, cushioned on cable springs, the mellow waxed finish, in dark or natural wood. Feast your eyes on it. Sit on it, or knit in it. Rest, read or write in it. It will give you comfort in repose and support in employment. Supplies are shared by all good furniture shops on the principle of fair chairs for all."

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... a compliment to Good Taste

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P.3/52



GRACE . . . SPACE . . . PACE

In many lands in many languages the world's press has paid generous tribute to the Jaguar. Let their words on the Mark VII Saloon speak for themselves. "Indescribable beauty . . .", remarkably modern, yet in impeccable good taste.² Its roomy body seats six in comfort.³ Four large suitcases, four golf bags and other personal effects can be accommodated in the luggage boot with the lid closed.⁴ With its famous XK120 engine, it can do a hundred plus miles an hour.⁵ Britain's most outstanding car—and the fastest.⁶"


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JAGUAR

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(PRODUCE OF SPAIN)



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"The Best of the Bunch"
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CIGARETTES ARE different
AND THE DIFFERENCE
is delightful!

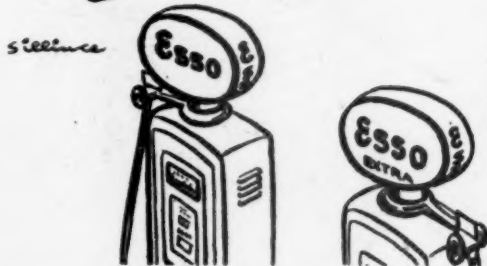
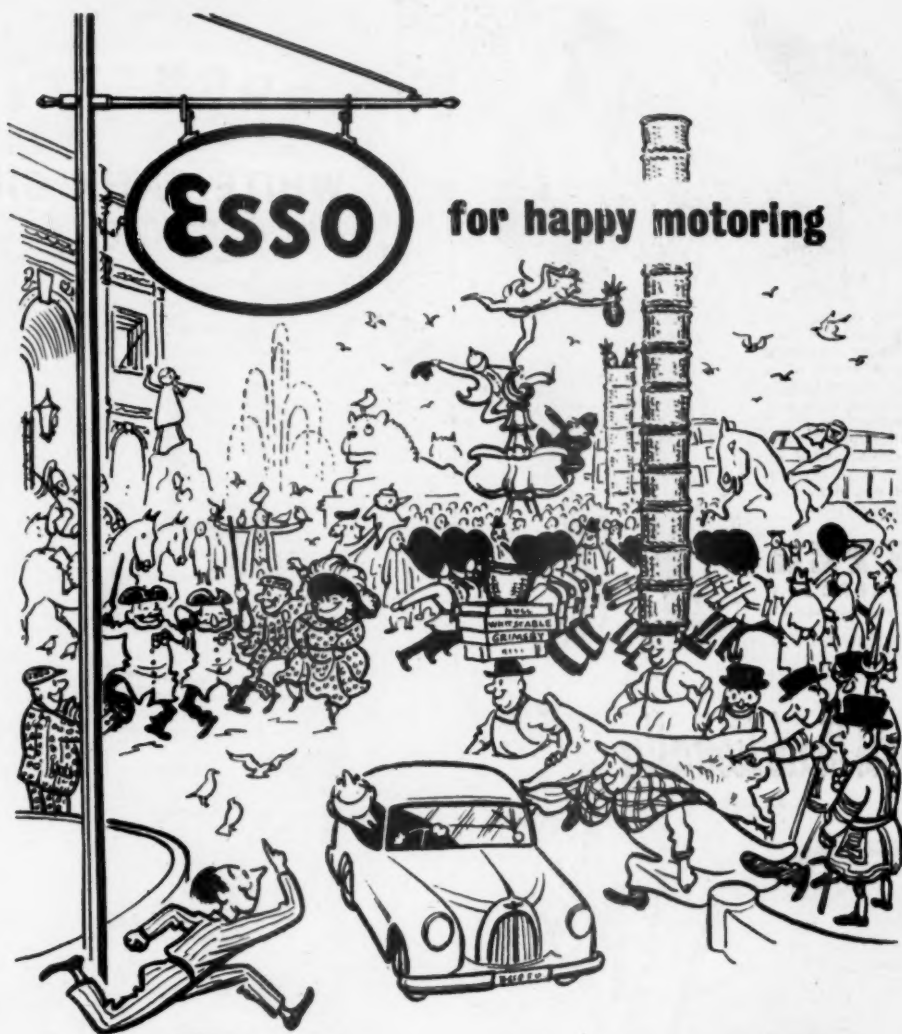


When smoking has become a habit instead of a pleasure—that's the time to freshen up your taste—to change to Philip Morris. You'll find them delightfully different. Try a packet. You may prefer them

Twenty for 3/9

Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
FOR MORE SMOKING PLEASURE





In Greater London, as in all other parts of Britain, Esso Dealers offer that courteous and efficient service which makes for Happy Motoring. Esso road map No. 1 covering this area is obtainable (price 6d.) from all Esso Dealers.

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Dexter weatherproofs are made and triple-proofed in Scotland. The better class of men's shops will show you Dexters in many styles—

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"As British as the weather—but reliable."

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The pageantry of Britain's traditions is yours by birthright. Yours too are the traditions of British engineering achievement, never more bravely displayed than in the design and performance of Foden vehicles.

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WHITE SATIN GIN

*Smooth
as
Satin*



**If you're
troubled about
chains — don't
lose your
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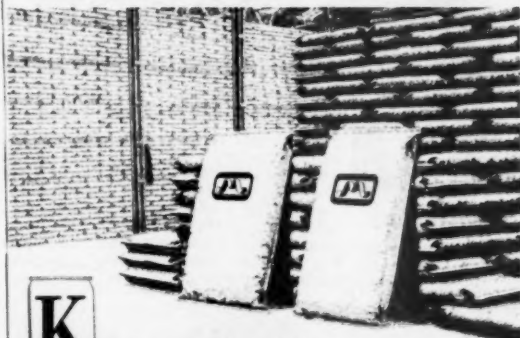
Use Parsons high tensile STEEL chains. 100% stronger and 20% lighter than the same size of WROUGHT IRON, and available in the range $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " dia. for all lifting and hauling purposes.

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DIVISION OF THE **Reed** PAPER GROUP

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and it is a good car**

★The Light Car . . . 'A car one would much like to own
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People wishing to increase the value of their weekly or monthly savings have no difficulty in investing in the Provincial. 3 Investment groups are available offering 2%, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ % and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ % respectively, with income tax paid by the society in all instances. (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Paid Up Shares with income tax paid by the Society, is equivalent to £4.5.9 per cent subject

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Despite half a century of painstaking research, there is still no unanimity of opinion regarding the causation of rheumatic diseases. Treatment is therefore necessarily symptomatic and directed to the relief of pain.

Massage has long been the treatment of choice. But in severe cases, adequate massage cannot begin at once; the affected muscles are too taut and tender. Days or even weeks may have to elapse before the patient can benefit from the stimulating effects of deep massage.

This "time-lag" has now been eliminated by the use of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.

Gentle massage over the affected myalgic spots with this cream brings rapid relief from pain and permits of more intensive treatment than would otherwise be possible.

Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream (obtainable through all chemists including Boots and Timothy White & Tanners, at 5/- and 7/- a jar)

Howard Lloyd & Co. Ltd.

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PHILLIPS

the World's most MODERN Bicycle



PHILLIPS CYCLES, BIRMINGHAM, 40



Exit HEADACHE -fast!

Go on—try a couple. I always carry some since my chemist told me about this 'ANADIN' formula. It's a fast worker—and the relief lasts longer—without the risk of those unpleasant after-effects I used to get before I changed to 'Anadin'. A couple of 'Anadin' tablets at the first sign

of a headache, and it'll be better before you've time to realise you had one! Just as quick and safe in most other pains and discomforts—help yourself!

ANADIN

acts fast!....



* because the balanced formula blends aspirin with phenacetin—for RAPID relief that lasts longer. And it includes caffeine and quinine, two stimulants which cut out the depressing after-effects so often felt after taking old-fashioned remedies.



Oh-oh-Dry Scalp!

Dry, lifeless, untidy hair means Dry Scalp has claimed another victim!

Does Slovenly hair spoil all your chances!

Do people look—and shudder?

THE SMARTEST appearance is ruined by dry, lifeless 'slovenly' hair, or dandruff in the parting or on the collar. But take hope! There is a way to end these signs of ugly Dry Scalp.

How? Just a 20-second daily massage with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. (Move your whole scalp—don't just rub.) You'll find 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic very economical. Get a bottle today.



It's amazing how much better your hair looks, and astonishing how much better your scalp feels, when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Get a bottle today!



Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



... is it haunted?

Heard about poltergeists, asks this chap? Sort of ghosts that chuck things about and make a nonsense of everything. I've got one lives in my car. Only possible explanation. Always something going wrong. Costs me a pretty penny in repairs. It's haunted, I tell you.

it goes like a dream

This chap believes in magic, too. The common-sensical, everyday magic of science. He never seems to have anything really wrong with his car. Why? Because, unlike the other fellow's, his engine is *clean inside*.

He knew that cars pick up dirt that gets into places where it does a lot of damage; in the oil, the petrol and the water. He knew that dirty oil is abrasive and ruins moving parts, that impure petrol clogs up carburettor jets, that a dirty cooling system is an inefficient one and inefficient cooling means heavy repair bills.

So, taking advantage of the magic of modern science, he had his car fitted with FRAM FILTERS: the FRAM OIL CLEANER, the FRAM PETROL FILTER and the FRAM COOLING SYSTEM FILTER — all of them saving repair bills and getting the best out of his engine.

Thousands of garages stock FRAM. If you have difficulty write to us for the name of your nearest supplier.



FRAM filters

add years to the life of your engine

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Distributed by STENOR LIMITED, KEW FOOT ROAD, RICHMOND, SURREY.
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THE FAMOUS 'MOSSBROS'

Mackintosh



Available in all sizes.
Also a wide range of
gaberdine raincoats.

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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2
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AND BRANCHES



"Play-Boy"
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ALSO AVAILABLE FOR WOMEN



WORLD FAMOUS

"Play-Boy"
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BOTH MODELS WITH PATENTED CRADLE CONSTRUCTION



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LILLET
Curaçao or Anisette?

Among people with perceptive palates there's quite a debate. "Should a Gin and Lillet have a dash of Curaçao? By all means — if you like it that way. But in our experience the simplest and best cocktail — beyond all question — is 2/3 Gin, 1/3 Lillet plus a dash of Marie Brizard Anisette for added piquancy. Try it — and settle the argument.

★ In the 1932 World Cocktail Competition, Lillet was a main ingredient in the 1st and 4th cocktails chosen.



Punch, March 16 1952

Comfort in high places



Sizes 14½" to 17"
neck band
Price 67s. 6d.
(includes
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Whether you are scaling the Langdales or on more usual occasions at ground level, you will feel at home in a 'Viyella' shirt. It is admirably tailored in exclusive checks or herringbone weaves, in the convenient coat style.

The cut of the collar is such that you can be your formal or informal self according to taste.

And 'Viyella' shirts serve you faithfully for years, always preserving their fine, luxurious texture.

We shall be happy to supply a selection of patterns (and if necessary the name of your nearest shop) on request to Dept. SP.1, Viyella House, Nottingham.

There's nothing to equal
'Viyella'
REGD
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'DAYELLA' AND 'NIGHTELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED NOTTINGHAM



Richest of drinks!

It is served in homes where there is always a ready welcome. It is served to friends who come often and stay long and talk through the evening by the fireside. Its name is Cadbury's Cup Chocolate.

And it is *real* chocolate, this. Full-flavoured and smooth. Just open the gay blue tin and see the deep layers of rich chocolate flakes. Then shake them freely and lightly into each cup of very hot milk—and ah...!

**CADBURY'S
CUP
CHOCOLATE**



BY APPOINTMENT TABLE SALT MANUFACTURERS



The Salt of Hospitality

in mansion or maisonette

Cerebos

The finest Salt

in every home



*A Man who eats only to appease his stomach
when he might also pleasure his palate is twice a fool
for he doth indifferent service to the one
while abusing the other*

HERBS AND SPICES have long lent delight to the cooking of every race. Immemorially, those from the East have been prized by Western connoisseurs for their exquisite delicacy, their subtle pungency. Once, only princely palates knew the delectable titillation of Oriental herbs and spices. But, in the 20th century, untold thousands can revel in dishes made lordly with the rare herbs and spices that are found in every bottle of Lea & Perrins, the original and genuine Worcestershire Sauce.

LEA & PERRINS By Appointment Purveyors of Worcestershire Sauce to H.M. King George V.



here comes the **Yorkvale**

Radiation's latest solid fuel cooker

This fine-looking fuel-thrifty model burns continuously on any domestic solid fuel. Easy to install and trouble-free in performance, the Yorkvale offers you a life-time of heavenly meals at a down-to-earth price.

extra large hot-plate

Running nearly the full width of the cooker, the hot-plate will accommodate an impressive array of pots and pans.



outstanding good looks

This is one of the most handsome cookers that ever set foot in a kitchen! Finished in labour-saving LEXOS vitreous enamel in cream and black.

a really big oven

Entertaining is made easy by the truly hospitable size of the main oven. There's also a useful warming cupboard for slow cooking and keeping meals and plates hot.



ample hot water

The Yorkvale provides plenty of hot water for baths as well as for all the usual domestic needs.

For Illustrated Folder write to
Radiation Group Sales Ltd.,
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Approved by the
Ministry of Fuel and Power



SOLID FUEL
Radiation COOKERS
to solve your fuel problem



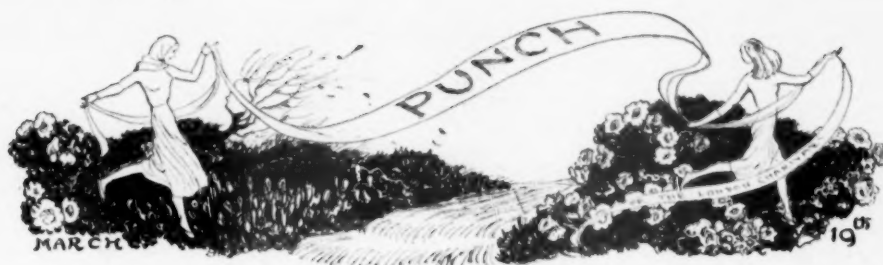
The illustration features a woman's face in profile, looking towards the right. Her hair is styled in a bun with a flower. To her right is a large, circular mirror with a sunburst design around its edge. The mirror reflects her face. Below the mirror, there are two roses. The text 'Does every day mirror your beauty?' is written in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the text, there is a paragraph of smaller text. At the bottom, the word 'YARDLEY' is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font. To the right of 'YARDLEY' are two round tins of makeup, one with a lid and one without, and a tube of lipstick.

Does every day mirror your beauty?

Not if you rely on a little lipstick and a lot of optimism. Begin each morning with the new Yardley Make-Up Base. Now even creamier than before, this lasting matt foundation prevents afternoon shine. Smooth it thinly over face and neck. Next cloud on Yardley Complexion Powder. Finally highlight your beauty with one of the nine vibrant shades of Yardley lipstick. Follow this simple routine and radiance is yours, reflected daily in admiring glances.

YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON



CHARIVARIA

BECAUSE of other political engagements a party of seven Socialist M.P.s have abandoned their plan to spend Easter under canvas. They presumably feel that at this time they should avoid any risk of finding themselves in the wrong camp.

Senator Taft, in a recent tour of New Hampshire, shook hands at an estimated rate of twenty-five a minute. This emphasizes General Eisenhower's subtlety in conducting his campaign from across the Atlantic.



N

Outlook: Stormy

"The Lodge of Brotherly Love, No. 1428.—Regular Meeting, Monday, Feb. 11, at 7 p.m., 9 Forth Street. Business: Passing. There will be no harmony on this occasion. —J. W. M., Secretary."

Adet. in Edinburgh Evening News

7

Admiral Lynde D. McCormick, Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, said on his arrival in Britain "My command in general is the North Atlantic area with the Tropic of Cancer as the southern limit but with no northern limit." Doesn't the Admiral realise that once he is past the North Pole he is going south again?

7

"Delayed for several minutes, pawed, mauled and aided by burly policemen, the newlyweds finally got to their limousine and rolled off to a champagne reception at Claridge's."—*Time*

Well, *some* of them are still wonderful.



357

not at

A distinguished officer complains that our present-day Boy Scouts are mollicoddled and that one never sees them nowadays performing difficult feats to prove that they are tough. He should remember, however, that the Post Office now declines to replace torn-up telephone directories.

7

True to Form

"Oxford tried out their new boat for the first time at Putney yesterday afternoon and settled down in it immediately."—*New Chronicle*

7

People who drink ten cups of tea a day, said an M.P. recently, are the truest type of drug addict. What's more, they probably traffic in tea-coupons.



Next week's issue will have a special coloured cover. It is to be a Spring Number, with the accent on holidays and outdoor activities. Its price will be sixpence as usual.



"Who do I tip?"

TRAINED MINDS

THE bald man obviously had a lot to do before we got to Victoria, because his files and papers spread thickly over the compartment's only empty seat. I felt sorry for him, and if I hadn't wanted, as it happened, to write a short poem on the way to town I would have retired gracefully to the corridor. As it was, I stood over him with dumb menace while he scooped a clearing; as the train jerked into motion I sat down hurriedly on a sheet of figures headed "Time Series of Consumption Per Capita."

We settled ourselves, the bald man, the other two back-to-the-engines and myself engaging in a solemn bouncing bout, establishing frontiers and gathering coat tails; to the passengers opposite we must have looked like four boys jumping up to look over a fence. Then the bald man, quite unprovoked, began punching me in the ribs. He hadn't much room for this, but powerful blows travelling short distances are highly spoken of by boxing commentators, and with good reason.

I turned to protest, and was horrified to see his mouth open and his eyes starting from his head;

fortunately he got out his handkerchief in time, and the sneeze crashed harmlessly into it. He was a man, as events proved, who tended to keep everything in his outside pockets.

When a moment later, owing to some subtle process of suggestion, a sneeze of my own began to give warning of approach, I was glad that I kept my handkerchief in an easily accessible pocket—except that it wasn't there to-day, and I was obliged to spring up like a jack-in-the-box to get the spare from my brief-case. But I wasn't quick enough, and had to smother my head in an old shirt of yellow and russet checks which I was taking to be re-collared.

No one took much notice. There were outbursts of throat clearing and leg crossing from those opposite, but these were just unconscious reactions to a dimly-sensed disturbance in the compartment. Even the bald man, now leaning sharply away from me to get out a leather notebook, seemed quite absorbed in a sheet of figures headed "Statistical Demand Function by Standard Barrels," and had to be banged on the shoulder before he would release the shirt-sleeve trapped behind him.

It was not until we had rebounded ourselves into an approximation of comfort that I realized what a chance I had missed of getting out my own work—a sheet of blank paper clipped to a piece of quarto three-ply. This, of course, was in the brief-case. It would not be fair to make another upward spring so soon. I closed my eyes and tried to polish an opening phrase . . . but my seat was suddenly torn from under me. The bald man, on whose coat tails I had evidently been sitting, had remembered something he wanted out of his brief-case, and, lacking my delicate consideration for others, had sprung up to get it. However, it was at least an opportunity for me to do the same, and for some moments we craned upwards together, our ears touching. Then he settled down with his *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, and I with my little piece of three-ply.

The next thing I knew, his head was on my chest, and for a second or two I could see right down inside the back of his neck. This was the result of his impulsive hunt for a red ball-point pen in his side pocket farthest away from me. I waited.

I wanted my own pencil, but it was in my side pocket farthest away from him. When he transferred the search elsewhere, removing his head from my chest on to that of an old gentleman in a tweed hat, who grunted on impact but said nothing, I acted quickly; in the nick of time, in fact; because I'd barely fished up my pencil when the head came back; the bald man had got the pen all right, but was seized by a sudden desire to get at his cigarette-case. I waited again. Even when he'd got it, I still waited. I was curious to see where he went for his matches.

He went everywhere. After a few minutes it was clear that he hadn't got any matches. The only way out seemed to be to offer him mine, so I rose to my feet and dug into a trousers pocket. I was astonished to find, when I was up, that the bald man was up too, and we just stood there, like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, while I got my matches out of my trousers, and he got his out of his brief-case. We must have looked pretty silly to the passengers opposite, who crossed and recrossed their legs impatiently, while even the old gentleman in the tweed hat, who seemed to be sleeping, muttered something which sounded like "Montgolfier brothers, Montgolfier brothers," and brushed up his moustache with an irritable gesture.

Then, for a time, all was quiet. I twiddled my pencil and tried to polish an opening phrase; the bald man twiddled his ball-point and moved his lips in silent calculation. Inspiration reached us both simultaneously; the double mental snap of the fingers, the unspoken "Got it!" were almost audible; we flexed our writing instruments and looked down at our knees . . . then at the floor, then round the compartment, then at each other. Together we spoke: "Excuse me, but are you . . . ?" We were. He was sitting on my piece of three-ply; I was sitting on his *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society* and a spring-back file labelled "Estimation of Parameters from Time Series (Current Non-food Price Indices)."

It was while these articles were

being exchanged that the train lurched into East Croydon. When it lurched out again our little company had been swollen by a young man with a small cabin trunk, two girls with knitting, two with hockey-sticks, and a sour-looking man of the retired police inspector type carrying a dismantled truckle-bed lashed together with rope.

Thus crushed, palisaded, literally put upon, the bald man and I exchanged our first glance of fellow-feeling. We did not speak; we could not move; but all the way to Victoria, by those tiny signs of understanding, the raised eyebrow,

the restricted shrug, the semi-humorous wince through the wire mattress of the truckle-bed, we showed that adversity had drawn us close.

When we parted at the barrier we even exchanged polite, if wordless, salutes. And I, for my part, have been hoping ever since that I might see him again. Then I could return his sheet of figures headed "Short Comparison of Demand Analyses," and he my short poem, which must until then continue to consist of an inspired opening phrase that I cannot for the life of me remember.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



"I've been spring cleaning the kitchen."

ON LOCATION

THE Cactus Kid shifted his quid of plug to the other cheek. He had the car in his gun sights. Carelessly he spat a stream of brown juice at a passing gopher.

His trigger finger was tightening when, to my dismay, he dropped his gun, rolled over and clasped his stomach. By the time I reached him the car, with the month's pay pokes for the Lazy T, was out of sight. I was wondering what to do when Black Pedro strolled over the hill. "Anything wrong, sir?" he asked.

"The Cactus Kid can't chew tobacco," I said. Then, rather sharply, I asked why Black Pedro was not wearing his shooting irons.

"Sorry, sir," said Black Pedro. "Guess I must have left them in the calaboose."

"Bunkhouse," I corrected as Benny the Moke emerged from a clump of purple sage. I was proud of Benny. The only guy in the whole outfit who toted a flask of rye.

"This stuff's simply awful," said Benny the Moke. "Would it be O.K., sir, if I toted a flask of ginger pop?"

Coldly I informed him that ginger pop was out of the question.

"Please, sir!" Alkali Al blinked at me through his thick glasses.

"Yes, my boy?"

"When shall we get our sweet ration, sir?"

I was about to make an example of Alkali Al when there was a cry from the hilltop. Our look-out was waving a book. So Pinto Pete had been doing "prep" again. "Cace, you chaps!" yelled Pinto Pete.

His warning, such as it was, came too late. The sheriff's posse was closing in.

It was no use. My gently nurtured boys, though they had worked like Trojans in many an exciting school yarn, were clearly unfitted for my breathless, hard-riding, fast-shooting Western. I left them and went off in search of tougher characters.

In the Last Chance saloon the tobacco smoke made my eyes water, but I headed straight for the bar. "Rye," I snapped.

Despite the drain on our hard-currency reserves I tossed a thousand-dollar bill on the counter. The bartender looked at me for the first time and a bunch of guys wearing coloured shirts and fancy pants moved over. "Howdy, boys," I said.

"You carry a lot of dough, mister," said the one with scars on his face. He was manicuring his nails—a certain sign in transatlantic fiction of a cold-blooded killer and leader of the gang.

He looked tough enough, but I wanted to be sure. "You and your boys chew tobacco?" I asked.

"Wise guy, huh?" Scarface narrowed his eyes to slits and his tone was menacing. Excellent! I picked up my change. "You're going to work for me," I said. "Come along, boys."

"Nope. You're coming with us," Scarface produced an automatic. I should have preferred a six-chambered

Colt, but that was a detail that could be arranged later. I explained that I needed them for the story I was writing.

"You got it wrong, stranger," Scarface scowled. "Our author needs you for his."

"Who—who is your author?"

When they told me I began to have some misgivings. He was not the man I had had in mind. Not by any means. I stepped back from the counter. "Time I was getting along," I said. Then they were all around me, shoving like anything.

"Yaroo!" I yelled. "You're pinching my arm! Wow! Leggo, you beasts!"

At the door I broke free and legged it for the hillside. How I longed to see my boys! I sat down to get my breath, and then walked over casually, as if nothing had happened. I was finished with Westerns.

"How do you feel, my boy?" I asked the Cactus Kid.

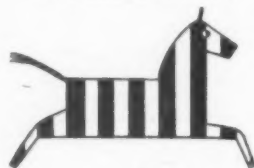
"Fine, sir. What do we do now?"

"We're all going back to good old St. Timothy's," I said. How my boys cheered!

We are all looking forward to tons of clean, healthy fun when Pinto Pete's—I mean Merton Race's—rich aunt comes over for tea with old Kershaw, the science master. What japes!

Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment!

THE ZEBRA CLUB ANNOUNCEMENT No. 5



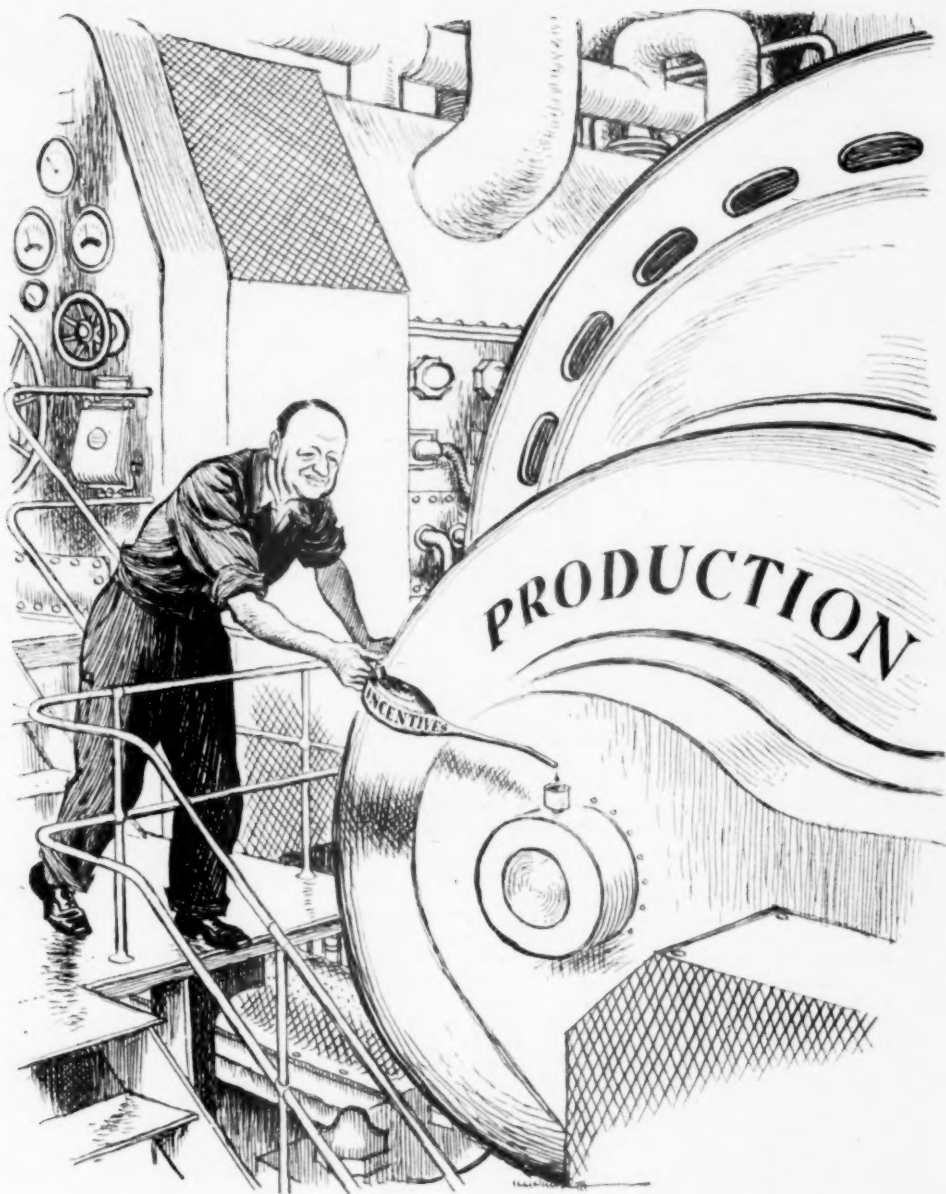
Membership. If you have already cut out one of these panels and stuck it on the back window of your car, thus becoming a Full Member under RULE 1, do not hesitate to cut this one out as well and stick it on somebody else's window. Do not stick it on the back window of this office, which is in no danger of being run into from behind.

RULE 2. Cars without back windows. To avoid hardship, motorists in this class can qualify for admission as Associate Members by pasting their Zebra on the right rear wing not less than four inches from the lower edge. The problem of cars without even rear wings is under consideration.

RULE 3. Pronunciation. The title of this Club is the Zebra Club. Any Member caught disfiguring the name by the use of the short "e" (Zebra) will be expelled forthwith.

NOTE: Publication of the Club Song is held up owing to the difficulty of finding rhymes. "Pibroch" is terrible. "Dobroch" is inadmissible under Rule 3.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, Zebra Club, Telegrams: Stripes, London.



A DROP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION



STREET TRADERS, PLEASE

IN the late eighteen-sixties, it was diamonds in the Transvaal. In the late eighteen-nineties, it was gold in the Klondike. In the late nineteen-forties, it was barrows in the West End, and discharge-happy Servicemen sang

All my life I've wanted to be a BAAArrer-boy.

A barrow-boy is what I've wanted to be.

Everyone knew that just after the war the London barrow-boys were making hundreds a week. Everyone knew, too, that they sold nylons, narcotics, firearms and identity-cards under whatever corresponds to a counter on a barrow, and that they had long, lustrous motor-cars (obtained from the export market by a fiddle) and gave their girls mink coats at Christmas. You can ask any barrow-boy if this wasn't true. Ask this one.

"Excuse me, isn't it true that you have a long, lustrous motor-car and gave your girl a mink coat at Christmas?"

"Oo are you kiddin'?"

Well, perhaps that one missed the market. Grapes—they were the thing. People hadn't seen grapes since the war began, and when they started to arrive again the barrow-boys (hearing the news, no doubt, on a private grapevine) beat the shops to them at the docks and markets and cleaned up. Did they sometimes charge a bit more than they should? There were plenty of takers at any price, and, if profits weren't hundreds a week, they were sometimes over a hundred and often over fifty.

"Forgive me, but isn't it a fact that just after the war you were making fifty to a hundred pounds a week?"

"Come off it, mate."

They don't like to admit it, naturally; who likes discussing his income with strangers, anyway? But there's little doubt about it. You might get a fair idea how much they made from what they paid in income-tax.

"Do you mind telling me how much income-tax you paid in the year 1945-46?"

"Ere, 'oo are you, the Law?"

Mostly it was honest profit, at that. Barrow-boys got confused in the public mind with spivs, drones, eels, butterflies, and other wide characters who were fashionable at the time; but at the height of the boom there was never much short weight or short change on the barrows. Why take the risk, when trade was so good?

Just when it seemed that street trading would become Britain's

greatest industry after the pools, the Government turned awkward. London streets, apparently, were too crowded for convenience, so many of them were scheduled as "restricted." This meant, among other things, that they were barred to barrows.

A sort of unstable equilibrium resulted. The public wanted the barrows; the barrows wanted the streets; the streets were closed to the barrows, but the barrows could, unofficially, stand there until a policeman moved them on or ran them in. Barrow-boys put aside regular amounts from their still large profits to meet their fines for obstruction; and everyone was happy. Relations between the barrow-boys and the Law were on the whole kindly—

"Tell me, you're always got on all right with the police, haven't you?"

Two years later the Government, perturbed by the excessive number of barrows, upset the equilibrium by making it necessary for every street-trader to provide himself with a licence issued by the local authority. An applicant had to produce a reference for good character; if the local authority turned him down, he could appeal to a magistrate's court, but if the beak was against him all that was left was to get into line at the Labour Exchange. That cut out many undesirables who, for one reason or another, preferred to work in a job where "cards" were not necessary.

"It is a fact, isn't it, that you have a licence which allows you to trade here with this barrow?"

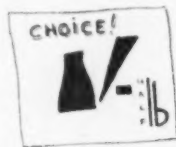
"I'm just watchin' this for me mate."

Thus directed into the grooves of respectable commerce, the barrow-boy, who is more likely nowadays to refer to himself by his official designation of "street trader," lost some of the romantic aura that surrounded him in the roaring times of the first grapes. Barrow—street traders to-day have no secrets to keep about their *modus vivendi*.

"Good evening. I was wondering if you would care to tell me something about your 'modus vivendi.'"

"Look, I got me job to do, guv."

You will find, very often, that the business has been in the family two or three generations. Take Stan here: Stan's Dad took the business over from his Dad and now runs it himself. Up at five, Stan's Dad is, to go to the market, whence he returns with his purchases in a taxi some three hours later. He and Stan load the barrow together and put up the kites. A "kite" is a label; the typical kite is apt to look like this:



but no one is fooled, the little deception is simply an old custom, like writing "By Order" in the bottom right-hand corner of "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted" boards.

Stan and the barrow will be at their pitch by ten, ready for the morning shoppers; and there they will stay, in the sun and in the rain, till about seven, when the last of the workers is home. The local authority exacts half a crown a week for the use of the pitch; some licences allow the holder to move around and some confine him to a definite site and/or definite hours.

The glittering rewards? On a good day Stan may take four pounds; on a bad day two; on a Saturday perhaps eight. Stan's Dad pays just half for his flowers what you pay Stan, so the weekly profits run out at about ten pounds. True, this is tax-free—but perhaps this is the wrong time for such indiscretions.

Stan's is a small barrow in a fairly quiet street. There are spots where more can be earned more quickly; but it

means more work. Many traders, too, prefer the hours when the competing shops are shut. And there are still a good number of unlicensed privateers who find the chance of a quick profit worth the risk of a fine. (Magistrates observe, however, that fines are no longer found so light-heartedly; the golden days are gone.) The public may deal confidently with these pirates, as at a redundant pub; authority decrees them excessive, but their business is square. The licensed men would not tolerate them otherwise.

Sometimes fellow-feeling among barrow-boys will crystallize in the formation of an *ad hoc* Street Traders' Association to make some point or other. Naturally this often refers to some restrictive by-law or some grievance concerning its enforcement. On the other hand it is characteristic of the barrow-boys' spirit that recently a Street Traders' Association got together to present a cigarette-case, on his retirement, to the Stipendiary Magistrate in whose court they were customarily fined. Magistrates on the whole regard street traders as cheerful, hard-working and generally honest; while street traders—

"You chaps realize, don't you, that the magistrate is your friend?"

"Never 'ave nothink to do with 'im meself."

Ah, well.

B. A. YOUNG





"... And who is the rather shy young man?"

THE COSMIC MESS

A MEMBER of Parliament said the other day that the manual workers should be reinforced from "the unproductive professions"—"professions," not "occupations." This column is perhaps too old to rush down the nearest mine; and it refuses to work on chimney-stacks or high buildings; but if the legislator thinks it would be better occupied it would willingly go to sea, assist in the navigation of a tug or lighter, do dock or domestic work, paint houses (*low* houses), serve behind a bar, be a railway-porter, waiter or stage-hand. But in these noble "manual" occupations would it be any more "productive" than it is at present? Members of this ancient profession do nothing but "produce," they even earn dollars. Few of the occupations named can say as much. What are "the unproductive professions?" The artist, the musician, the actor? All these earn dollars, though not all the time. Even the critic is part of the machine which sends Miss Moira Shearer, Sir Laurence Olivier

or a British film to Broadway. Doctors? Pretty "manual" though not directly "productive": but should they all down stethoscopes and make woollen garments instead? Teachers? Architects? "Productive," surely—also the scientist. Lawyers, judges, do not produce much, it is true, but are, perhaps, as important parts of the social machine as a good many manual toilers. "Business men," "financiers," "bankers"? All dollar-earners—or doing their best. But dollars are not everything. A grateful word might, perhaps, have been said about the amount of income-and sur-tax "produced" by the unproductive professions. Even the poor Civil Servants (or some of them) may claim to be productively engaged, now that so much of everything is run by the State (and the legislator belongs to a Party which likes that and has created masses of Civil Servants—he can't mean them). So it is a little difficult to understand what he had in mind. If he had said "unproductive

occupations" we should have understood. "Football pools," for example. But does he propose to abolish them? Members of Parliament, by the way, do not produce all the time: and they earn no dollars at all.

* * * * *

Oh, please, Mr. Maclay (speaking for this column only, *perhaps*), no helicopter-landing on the South Bank. One of the big feats of the Festival was that it recaptured a large open space in the heart of London, and gave the people something new—a new and near acquaintance with London River, new and unimagined views across and along the river, a new corner for rest and recreation—meaning by that, not cinemas or stadiums but peace and quiet and beauty. It will be a great pity, surely, if all this is thrown away: if the space is filled and the views fouled by vast hotels or Government offices and the place becomes just one more Northumberland Avenue. It will be worse if half the space is taken by an

"airport," and the whole is made a Centre of Continual Noise.

In a recent competition about the future of the South Bank one gentleman wanted to put next to the County Hall not only a helicopter-landing but a "sports stadium"—oh yes, and he desired a motor-road beside the river as well! Some people, this column knows, are not happy without a great noise; but we must not indulge them too much. And have the Houses of Parliament and the County Hall nothing to say? Mr. MacLay was not a Member in the days before the war when the low-flying advertising aeroplanes were about. On a hot summer's day, when the windows were open and one of these pests passed over the Chamber, the speaker could not be heard. Once Speaker Fitzroy himself had to be asked to repeat a ruling. This column has a sneaking affection for the helicopter—the clever little thing; but it does make a lot of noise; and an all-day helicopter procession over Whitehall and Westminster would be very tiresome. Has Mr. Speaker, has Mr. MacLay, considered the point? Even if they were as quiet as butterflies this column would still exclude them from the South Bank. The people who fly, after all, are few; the people who would enjoy that quiet refuge by the river would be like the readers of this column, uncountable.

A. P. H.

THE CHOICE

BEFORE Williams went into the future he bought a camera and a tape recording-machine and learned shorthand. That night, when all was ready, we made coffee and put out brandy and glasses against his return.

"Good-bye," I said. "Don't stay too long."

"I won't," he answered.

I watched him carefully, and he hardly flickered. He must have made a perfect landing on the very second he had taken off from. He seemed not a day older; we had

expected he might spend several years away.

"Well?"

"Well," said he, "let's have some coffee."

I poured it out, hardly able to contain my impatience. As I gave it to him I said again "Well?"

"Well, the thing is, I can't remember."

"Can't remember? Not a thing?"

He thought for a moment and answered sadly "Not a thing."

"But your notes? The camera? The recording-machine?"

The notebook was empty, the indicator of the camera rested at

"1" where we had set it, the tape was not even loaded into the recording-machine.

"But good heavens," I protested, "why? How did it happen? Can you remember nothing at all?"

"I can remember only one thing."

"What was that?"

"I was shown everything, and I was given the choice whether I should remember it or not after I got back."

"And you chose not to? But what an extraordinary thing to—"

"I can't it?" he said. "One can't help wondering why."



"Promise!"



"Actually we expect to keep well within the £25."

THE SCHOOL'S PROGRESS

Headmaster's Report to the Governors on the Multilateral School

Chairman of Governors to Headmaster

I HAVE been asked to attend a meeting in the very near future at which the whole future of multilateral schools is to be discussed. Apart from the large number of the public expected to be present at this important meeting, I understand that there will also be many people who are prominent in the field of education. We must therefore expect many lively and pertinent questions. I fear that in some misinformed quarters the multilateral school is not popular. However, in order that I may prepare my speech, I have to ask that you will be so good as to let me have your report on the first year's working of your school.

Headmaster to Chairman of Governors

Immediately on receipt of your letter I called a staff meeting in Great Hall, and from the information supplied to me at that meeting, together with my own

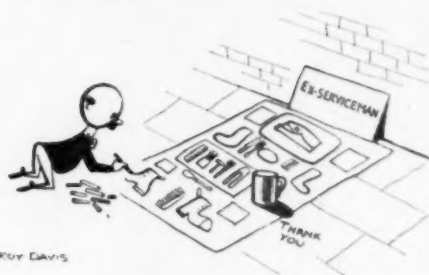
observations, I have the honour to report on the first year's progress of our multilateral school which was opened in January of last year.

1. I am informed that the number on roll is 2,150. To ensure that the pupils do not leave school before I have learnt their names I have started by learning those of the seniors first. To date I know no fewer than 400 pupils.

2. I am informed that there are 106 teachers on the staff. This information is vouched for by the 22 departmental heads.

3. I have been able to visit each of the 72 classrooms and 28 labs. and practical rooms at least twice this year.

4. Good progress has been made in sports during the past twelve months. The school has 23 soccer elevens, 18 rugby fifteens, and 20 cricket elevens. All teams are now in readiness for the day when the



next multilateral school is built, and the boys are patiently looking forward to some very interesting games. They all show a lively interest in athletics, and it was possible to hold Sports Day on four consecutive Saturdays. The school's swimming baths have been reserved for the prefects. The other pupils receive their instruction in the river.

5. The lunch-hour interval is still very long. Although the Dining Halls are spacious, they will accommodate an aggregate of only 600 children each sitting. Consequently we have four sittings, and this entails a lunch hour of some 2½ hours. Some improvement has recently been made in the organization, and it is now possible to give each teacher one off-duty lunch period each month. What gives me special pleasure is that in the past two months far fewer boys have been punished for eating more than one lunch per day. In the first few months I had cases of boys going into lunch every sitting. On one day, for example, the records showed that 1,700 lunches had been paid for, but that 2,342 had been consumed. The children, I am convinced, receive a good, substantial meal, but one particular class regarded it as a point of honour to go into the first sitting and then work their way through the others. This seems to me uneconomical. However, the matter is receiving my close and constant attention, and I hope to have foolproof arrangements in the very near future. I have asked the boys to write essays on the subject, and have offered a substantial prize for the best solution, but you will realize that it will take some considerable time to read through over 2,000 lengthy essays.

6. A school cap, tie and blazer have been adopted. The senior modern language master has resigned his appointment, and has opened a shop in the school grounds, where he supplies these articles to the pupils. His business is constantly expanding, and he is requiring additional staff, but he has given me a gentleman's agreement that in exchange for the monopoly of supply he will not entice any of the teaching staff for his assistants. I am forced to admit that the wages he offers are most attractive.

7. One of the science masters wishes to resign his appointment and open a confectioner's shop on that square of waste ground behind the fuel storage sheds, but I have so far been successful in dissuading him from

proceeding further with the project, mainly for reasons which will appear later in this report.

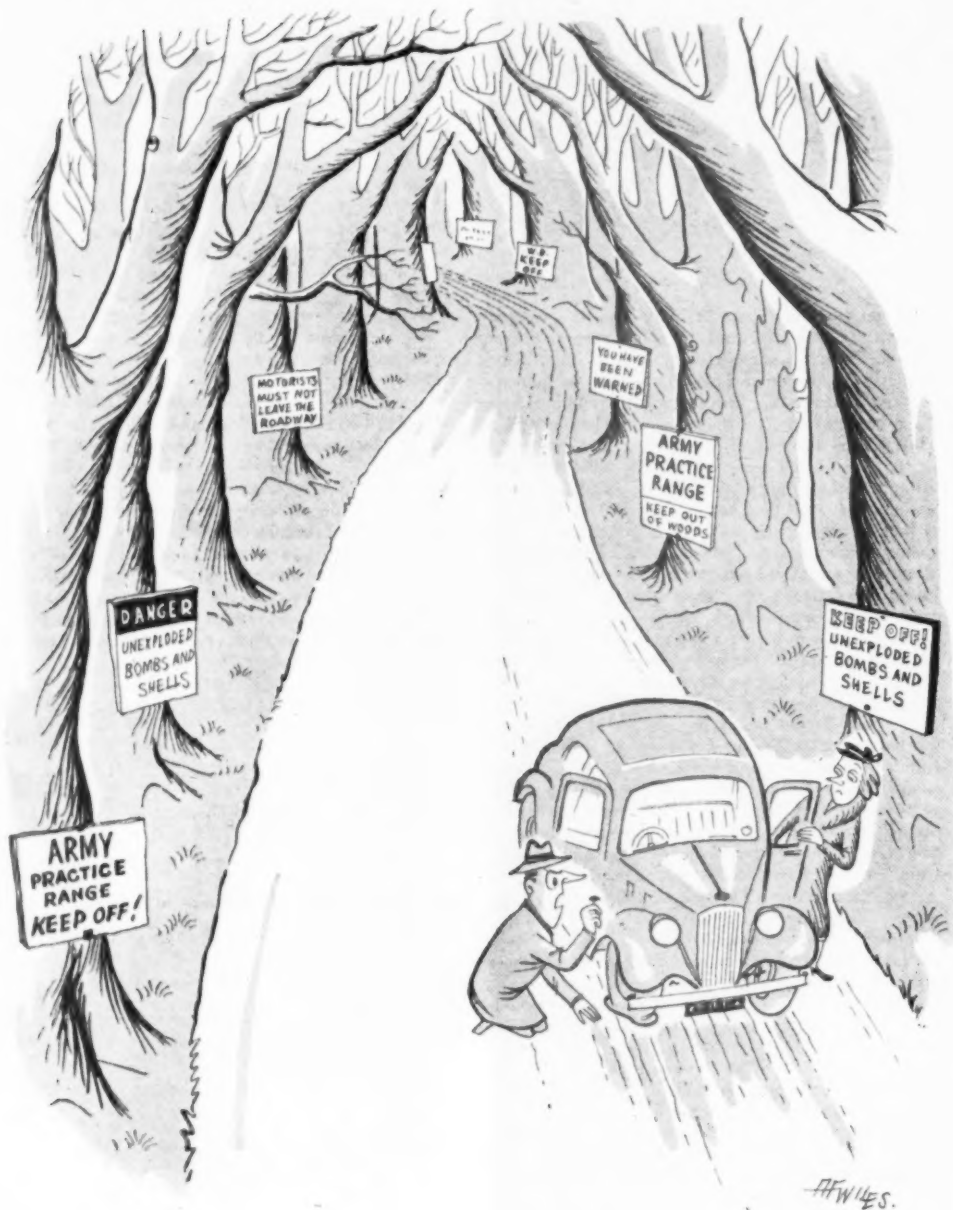
8. Visitors who come to look round the school are asking that their visit be of one week's duration instead of the normal one day. As we shall never be able to accommodate all visitors if we accede to this request I am wondering whether a special visitors' car could be provided, so that they could drive round the school, making their stops at the various rooms, etc., on the way.

9. The first year's working has demonstrated the urgent need for wider roads within the school grounds, and more parking facilities. Although only five hundred boys come to school on bicycles, we have not nearly enough storage space. Nothing elaborate is needed. Just concrete blocks for the front wheel. I suggest a forest of them on the north side of the school. Then, those boys who come to school on motor-cycles have asked that a petrol pump be installed and a small service station be opened in the grounds. Motor-cycles are parked on the south side; masters' cars on the east; and the fleet of school coaches bringing the children to and from school on the west side of the school. The masters are finding that all this traffic is becoming increasingly difficult to control, and I do urge upon you the necessity of installing traffic lights.

10. It is with regret that I have, in conclusion, to ask you to accept my resignation as Headmaster. It will be a wrench to give up the care of so many hundreds of boys, though I hope still to see much of them in my new career. The fact is that one of the science masters has given me an idea.



"Yes, they've had the fruit trees pruned—no, she hasn't got the washing out—yes, they've got rid of those old milk bottles."



"It's a stud from a soldier's boot!"

VIEWERS

I ANSWERED a knock at the door and found a little man with a sad expression on the step.

"We're investigating the Social Implications of Television," he said, "by questioning a representative cross-section of the viewing population. And as I see you've got a television aerial..."

My heart warmed to him.

"I'm delighted to see you," I said. "My wife and I have always felt a certain amount of dudgeon at never before having been interviewed by poll people of any sort, although we are quite as representative as any other section of the population. My wife has been moping a good deal about what was beginning to look like invidious discrimination, because Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe who lives next door has had three goes."

"Three goes?"

"Yes. At the General Election she was asked by a man named Gallup how she was going to vote, a few weeks later a man with a small black bag, obviously specially designed to carry bombs, asked her if she would like Peace in Korea, and last Wednesday her crowning triumph came when a woman asked whether she agreed with eleven million other housewives that Bosko bleached brighter. It has made her quite uppish."

The man followed me into the sitting-room and I introduced him to Edith. He took out a big notebook and we both assumed expressions of deep intelligence.

"To begin with," he asked. "Do you go to the cinema more frequently or less frequently than before you installed television?"

"More," I said.

"Less," said Edith.

He looked annoyed.

"If you go to the pictures together," he said, "I don't see how one of you can go more and the other less. It doesn't make sense."

"We don't go together," I said.

"Because I have a habit of gritting my teeth in Westerns which annoys my wife, and she has a habit of



sobbing loudly at Weepies that annoys me. So we go separately."

He frowned, and sucked his pencil, making his lips go a ghastly purple colour.

"Do you knit more now that you have got television?" he asked Edith. "I mean, do you knit and view at the same time?"

"No," said Edith.

"That goes for me too," I told him.

He seemed a bit surprised at this intervention, and asked me if I did a lot of knitting before we had television. "I don't often meet men knitters," he said.

"I'm not a man knitter," I said indignantly. "I merely told you

that I don't knit while I view. I don't knit at other times either, nor does my wife."

He said he had his living to earn and we were not being very helpful. Then he asked if we thought television had a good or a bad effect on our children.

"Neither," said Edith.

"Though that may be," I added, trying to be fair, "because we don't happen to have any children."

At this he shut his notebook pointedly, and I showed him out.

"Perhaps it would have been kinder," said Edith, "to admit straight away that the television aerial was left here by the last tenants."

D. H. BARBER

CHARITY

CHARITY is great, how very great is charity!
To emphasize resemblance and disregard disparity,
To see a man's faults spring from excess of good will,
Such is charity, and sometimes greater still.

There is never enough charity, it is always in short supply;
In the most charitable man the well runs dry
When his speech is interrupted at the crucial moment by a cough,
Or his borrowed books are returned with the backs torn off.

If only we could call on sufficient store of charity
We should see all things with the utmost clarity;
We should see all things precisely as they are,
We should despise no Worm and envy no Star;

We should not wish to mould everything in our own fashion,
We should look at things lovingly and without passion;
A world full of charity could be as wholly delightful
As this—that lacks it so completely—is frightful.

R. P. LISTER

THIS WAY MADNESS LIES

THE idea was conceived humbly enough, as a mere child of necessity. If you are a traveller on the Underground you must have noticed that lifts nowadays require a fantastically high complement of passengers before they will consent to move. You spend agonizing minutes watching the liftman packing them in, while from the bowels of the earth come those subterranean rumblings which denote that the train on which depend all your hopes of reaching the office in time is pulling out from its platform far below.

It was to meet this situation that I began to use the spiral staircase alongside. At first, and for some time, my simple ambition was to get to the bottom before the lift did. It is possible, though not easy. Spiral staircase technique differs from most others in that the longest way is the shortest. If you make the mistake of taking the inside rail you have hardly any stair to tread on, and are reduced to little, mincing one stair-at-a-time steps; the broad sweep of the outer rail is the thing. Even then I would sometimes hear, when barely half-way down, the distant clanging of the lift door that spelt defeat; but these setbacks were easily forgotten in the exhilaration, on other and happier occasions, of rounding the last bend and speeding along the home straight a full thirty yards ahead of the field.

These innocent pleasures lasted until Bridgewater came along.



Bridgewater lifted the whole thing on to a higher plane. Hitherto the competition had been between man and machine; now it was between man and man. And Bridgewater was no mean adversary. Though scarcely a stylist, he had a good turn of speed and an iron nerve. His overtaking was particularly skilful, involving as it did bouncing from outer to inner rail and then a ricochet back again. The only defence against this, of course, was a perfectly timed acceleration; on my good days I have beaten off two or three such challenges from Bridgewater in a single heat.

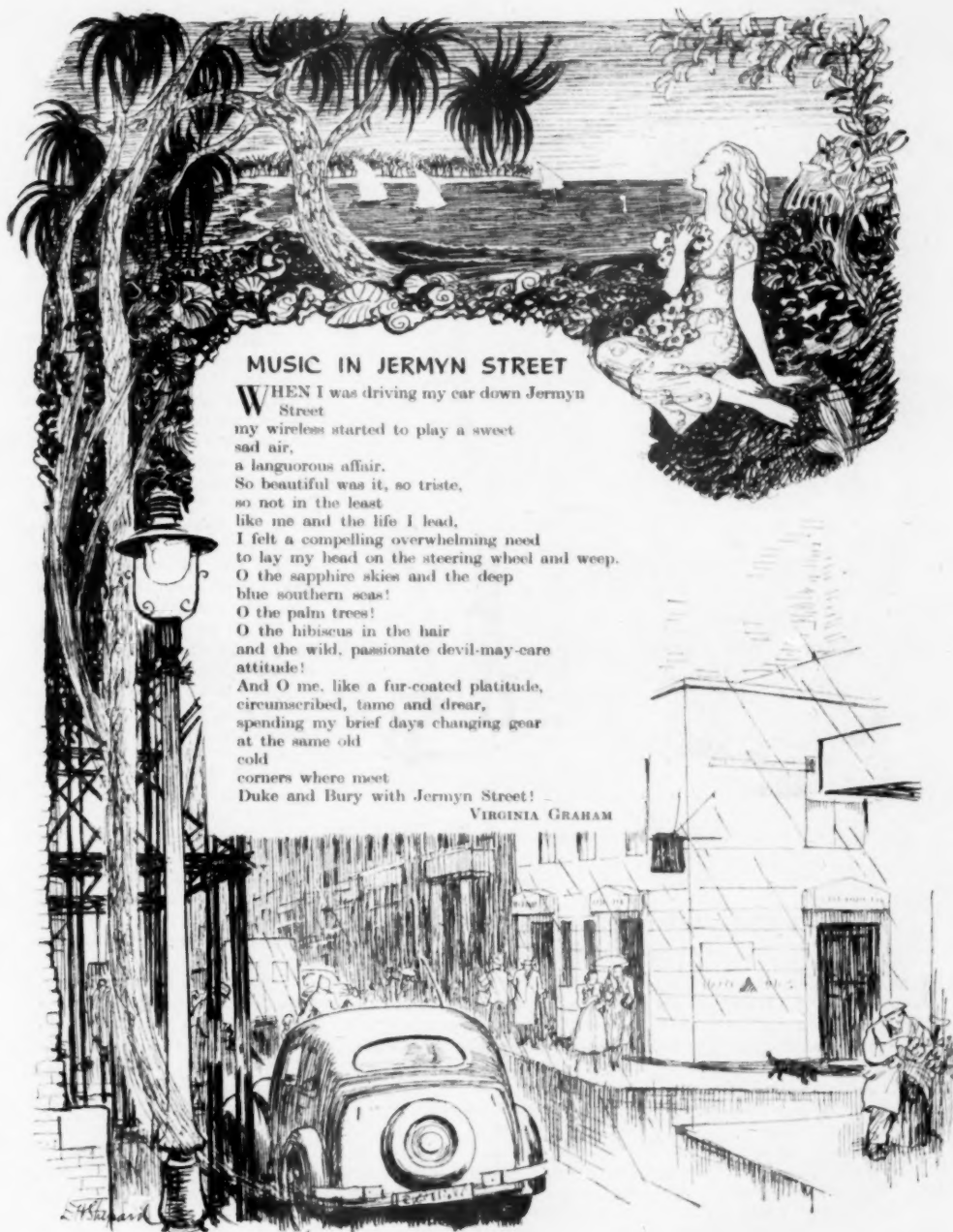
Looking back I have little doubt that, in spite of the dazzling future which Bridgewater predicts, those weeks of healthy rivalry between us were as happy as anything we shall know. We sought no applause, no trophies; the contest was the thing. And what contests they were, down there under the earth's crust, with now one, now the other, gaining the mastery. Occasionally a half-hearted threat to our joint supremacy came from a third party, but we seldom had difficulty in defeating it. As times grew steadily faster, with every few days seeing another fraction of a second clipped off the established record, can we be altogether blamed if we began to think ourselves conquerable only by each other?

But let middle age deceive itself how it may, youth will be served. A day came when Bridgewater and I were hurtling down together neck and neck. He had come up from behind and swung to the inside according to his usual plan, and I had accelerated according to mine; but this time Bridgewater, instead of falling back baffled, was by a supreme effort holding his own on the inner rail, the speed of his feet on the stairs making a noise like a pneumatic drill in top gear. It was a tremendous struggle. Obviously neither of us could maintain such a pace for long; the question was who would crack first. Suddenly we became conscious of a sound which

in our (I hope) pardonable vanity we had never thought to hear—footsteps behind us *growing rapidly nearer*. In another moment a young man wearing flannel slacks and a flowing tie (*inter alia*, of course) was abreast and *clearing us right down the middle*. It was a performance of astonishing virtuosity. Naturally he had no rail to hold, but he did not seem to need one. He was keeping his balance by hands as delicately poised as a ballet dancer's or a ski jumper's, and his foot landed with exquisite judgment plumb in the middle of every fifth stair. There was a thunder of hooves as we fought to hold him, and then he was gone, leaving Bridgewater and me no more than feeble contestants for the place money.

That should have been the end, but Bridgewater insists that it is only the beginning. He says that when the young man sped between us it gave him exactly the same thrill as he got when watching David Jack split the Aston Villa defence wide open on a celebrated occasion in 1929. And in that moment the idea was born. A new sport, says Bridgewater, his eyes blazing! League tables, promotion and relegation problems, transfer fees, talent scouts, everything! Even, it may one day be, Bogota suspensions.

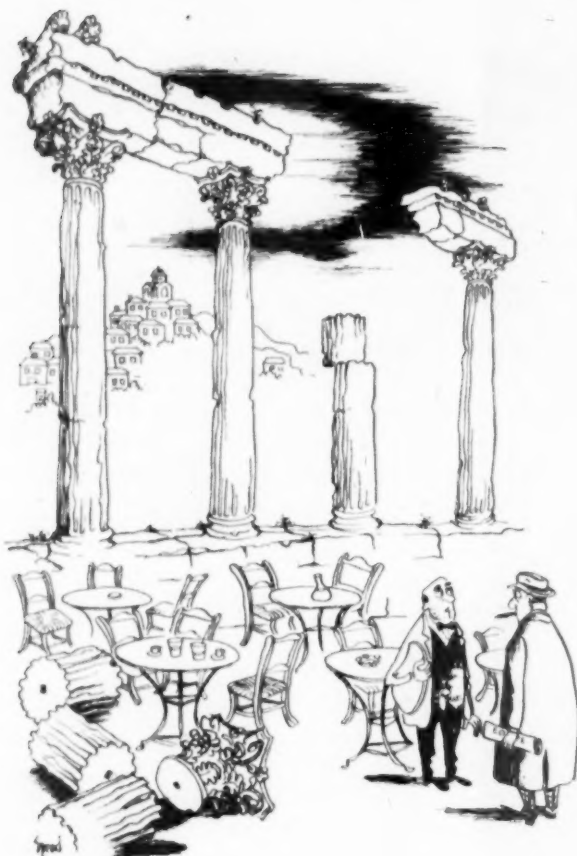
Of course the whole thing is a chimera, I see that clearly enough. It is only when Bridgewater gets to the pools (which, he says, he and I will control together) and asks me to work out a five per cent commission ("I think we should be content with five," says Bridgewater) on the gross annual takings to be derived from an assumed three million punters with an average weekly investment of two shillings per head (and no close season)—it is only then that the fabric of my sanity begins to crumble and I find myself fighting against the folly of wondering whether, after all, there may not be something in it . . .



MUSIC IN JERMYN STREET

WHEN I was driving my car down Jermyn Street
 Street
 my wireless started to play a sweet
 sad air,
 a languorous affair.
 So beautiful was it, so triste,
 so not in the least
 like me and the life I lead,
 I felt a compelling overwhelming need
 to lay my head on the steering wheel and weep.
 O the sapphire skies and the deep
 blue southern seas!
 O the palm trees!
 O the hibiscus in the hair
 and the wild, passionate devil-may-care
 attitude!
 And O me, like a fur-coated platitude,
 circumscribed, tame and drear,
 spending my brief days changing gear
 at the same old
 cold
 corners where meet
 Duke and Bury with Jermyn Street!

VIRGINIA GRAHAM



"We lost another valued customer yesterday."

INTERVIEWS WITH THE ANONYMOUS

V. The Man with the Hoe

"LOOK at me," said the Man with the Hoe. "Look at me. Sixty-three, come next lambing, if I'm spared, and don't look a day over fifty. Bowed wi' centuries, indeed! And look 'ere," he went on, with rising indignation, "bowed! 'Lean forrard,' 'e says—"

"Who said?" we asked.

"This 'ere French artist chap. Milly, 'is name were—same as a lass. 'Stand 'ere,' 'e says. 'Why?' I says—'there's nowt growin' 'ere.'

"That's the idea," 'e says. 'You're oppressed, downtrodden, that's wot you are,' 'e says. 'Bend over that 'oe and look miserable.' So I does. But 'tweren't that as I minded—it were this American chap—poet, 'e were. I never said aught to 'im, but up 'e comes an' calls me all manner o' names. 'Brother to the ox, you are,' 'e says. Me, what's lived respectable in this parish nigh on fifty year! And then 'e starts askin' all manner o' questions.

"'Oo loosened an' let down this brutal jaw?' 'e wants to know. 'Oos was the 'and wot slanted back this 'ere brow?'"

"'Why, that Mister Milly,' I tells 'im. 'E done it—that's 'oo,' I says.

"'Now I don't reckon to set up for a film star or one o' they chaps, but folks always did allow I were middlin' handsome like, an' I tell you I were fair riled agin 'im. 'You talk to Mister Milly,' I says. 'Don't you come a-blamin' me for wot 'e done!' But d'you think 'e'd let me alone? Nay! Kept on at it, 'e did.

"'No shape more terrible than you,' 'e says.

"'It's the way I be standin', I tells 'im, but 'e wouldn't listen. 'When I were in Yeomanry,' I says, 'you wouldn't ha' found a straighter-backed chap in the 'ole county.' But it weren't no use talkin'. Proper abusive, 'e were. Monstrous thing, 'e called me, an' dread shape. Ay."

The Man with the Hoe paused, and regarded his instrument of toil with disfavour.

"Right poor tool, is yon," he said. "Mister Milly brought it special with 'im. I reckon it must be a French 'oe. 'Wot's this?' I says to 'im. 'That?' 'e says. 'Why, that's a 'oe. Wot do you think it is—a shovel?' 'It might be an' all,' says I. But it were cruel short in the 'andle for leanin' on."

We asked: "And what became of the American gentleman—the poet?"

"Well, arter standin' an' starin' at I as though I were a show at a tide-fair, 'e says, shakin' 'is 'ead, 'Ow will you ever straighten up this shape?' 'Oil o' wintergreen 'll do it,' I says. 'That'll fix 'un proper. 'Tis only a touch o' the lumbago,' I says; 'it'll soon straighten out.' But I could see as 'ow 'e weren't satisfied."

"On the whole," we said, "you preferred the Frenchman to the American?"

The Man smiled a sly smile.

"Mister Milly? Well, 'e were only man as ever knowingly paid I for just leanin' on a 'oe."

G. H. M. NICHOLS

RAW MATERIAL

WE knew from the way Mrs. Fish's chin was jutting out and her nose pointing almost skywards that she'd made one of her exclusive scoops. She was standing by her gate and we quickened our pace, not because we wanted to hear the news but because my wife wanted to hang out the washing.

It appeared that a Miss Gwendoline Boak, cousin to Mrs. Grooby, was coming on a visit. Mrs. Fish seemed to think we should know the name. "Such lovely tales!" she said. "What a treat for the kiddies!"

"Kiddies?" I said.

"The little Groobys," she smiled. Mrs. Fish can smile a whole paragraph, if need be.

"Oh," I said, doubtfully.

My wife pretended to know all about Miss Boak, but again this was because of the washing. We find we have to hang out the washing during the brief spells when Mrs. Fish isn't on watch, on account of

the morbid interest she takes in the state of our linen. We had just hung it out when poor Mr. Prudder called with the parish magazine. "Jolly about Miss Boak, isn't it?" he said. "Mrs. Prudder thinks we ought to put a banner across the road: WELCOME TO GWENDOLINE BOAK." He gave a nervous little laugh and pattered off to try to sell a magazine to Mr. Snape.

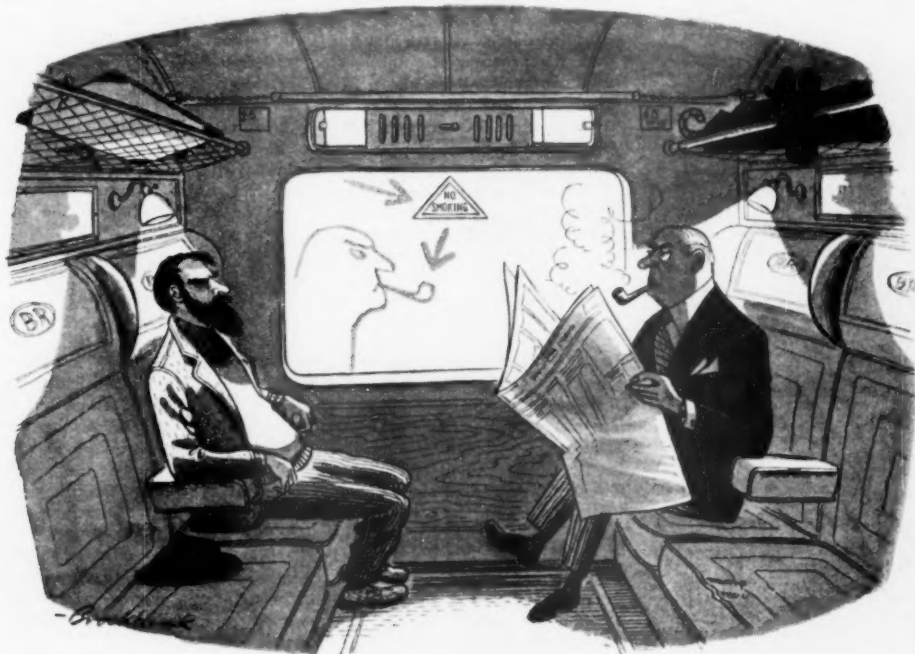
My wife was now interested. She rang up some friends and discovered that Miss Boak is a children's writer with an output of six books a year, not counting the Gwendoline Boak Annuals, Gwendoline Boak Birthday Books, Gwendoline Boak Painting Books, Albums, Calendars, and Toothbrushes. We even got hold of one of her books and read it aloud. It was Bertha Belmont diluted with a thin gruel of sentiment and saccharin: boaklerized Beatrix Potter. It was called *The Binkie Bunnikins* or some such

nonsense, and there was a certain relentless quality about it which made one feel the Groobys might be getting what was coming to them.

Miss Boak was scheduled to arrive at midday on Tuesday, and the interest of the neighbourhood was aroused. Mr. Grooby began to look even more hunted than usual, and only the boys seemed unconcerned, playing innocently at the bottom of the garden where—it was rumoured—they were digging an immense pit. Ours isn't a betting locality, or I should have offered five-to-one against Miss Boak's staying more than twenty-four hours.

I did not witness her arrival, but her daunting figure and aggressive features, which stared out from beneath a close-fitting hat of yellow feathers, were described to me. She looked, I am informed, a bit like a boiling-fowl trying to pass itself off as a canary.

When I passed the Grooby house



at about half past four everything was abnormally quiet and normal. Grooby was turning over a sodden patch of flower bed. He was whistling, and I hurried on feeling vaguely uncomfortable. I hadn't known Grooby could whistle.

The following days did nothing to break the nightmarish peace which seemed to have settled upon the neighbourhood. The hair began to grow again on Mrs. Fish's spaniel's tail, but the tension increased and the mood of the people began to change. One could not say that one missed the Groobys, but one avoided the thought of Miss

Boak at work on her raw material, watching them with a cold eye and fabricating another dreary volume. One hurried past the house with a fearful glance at its tranquil windows. People began to say "If only we knew—" and "I don't like to think—" and so on, and finally Mrs. Fish managed to force her way into the house at tea-time on Friday. She stayed till six and came out looking drawn but satisfied. She went straight to Mrs. Pruddler's, and a communiqué was issued later in the evening.

After the tea things had been cleared away, the Groobys had made a move to follow them into the kitchen, but had been stayed by Miss Boak, who reminded them that it was time for Chapter XVII—Poppy Bakes a Cake. The boys had whimpered a little, but had sat down again when they were offered the choice of having it then or having it when they went to bed. They had kept very quiet because their aunt was talking into a dictaphone. Mrs. Fish said the tale was genuine Gwendoline Boak; it was still going strong when she dragged herself away.

Next day was warm and filled with the promise of spring. We went out for a walk and met Mr. and Mrs. Grooby, who were on their way to the pictures. "Gwendoline," Mrs. Grooby said, "is looking after the children."

Coming home, we passed the end of the Grooby garden and stopped and looked through the fence. As we watched, the back door opened and Miss Boak and the boys came out and began to walk down the rough path from the house. Even at a distance one could see that Miss Boak had them in a ghastly thrall. She was bending over them, and their faces were wreathed in macabre and sickly smiles. As they came towards us we heard Gregory say, in a treacly whine, "Yes, Aunt Gwendoline, and just along here is where we saw the pixies," and Gordon said "That's right, the pixies!" and Graham the youngest began to drool with excitement.

We watched fascinated. The party did a left wheel, and the smiles of the boys grew even wider.



"Whatever is that young man doing with the black paper and scissors?"

They passed quite close to us, and I was just going to call out to Miss Boak that it was a sin and a shame when I noticed something strange in the path they were treading—a large square patch sprinkled with leaves and twigs.

Gregory stopped at the edge of the patch, and the others crowded up behind him. "You go first, Aunt Gwendoline," he said in a voice that would have brought a blush to the cheek of Tiny Tim, "cause you know how to talk to the pixies."

Miss Boak nodded her head graciously, stepped forward, and disappeared with a shriek through the thin covering of leaves and twigs into the capacious pit.

"We ought to do something," my wife said, pushing me aside so that she could look through the hole in the fence.

"Yes," I said, retrieving my position.

"What are they doing?" my wife said.

"Dancing round the pit," I said.

"We ought to go and tell Mrs. Fish," my wife said, and I allowed myself to be dragged away.

The boys were just striking up their battle-song of triumph, and as we turned the corner the shrill childish voices pierced the pale gold of the afternoon: "There was an old fairy who lived in a sty . . ."

Suddenly the neighbourhood seemed to jerk back into normality. The tune was familiar, but the words were an outrage. We walked slowly on.



REVOLVING CHAIRS

"... As you say the gaskets are blowing too easily we are dispatching to you, under separate cover, five hundred washers to reinforce the gaskets. Hoping this merits with your approval, etc.," and the Office Manager sat back. "Oh, one other thing. Ask the Sales Manager if he has a revolving chair."

"A revolving chair," I repeated, rather too impassively.

The Office Manager looked embarrassed. "The fact is, lad, the Managing Director looked in here yesterday and asked me if I could repair his cigarette lighter. I didn't like to tell him that that was a job for the Works. A fine brain," he went on loyally, "but absent-minded. However, as he was going out he suddenly asked 'Where did you get that chair, A.J.?' 'I've always had it, R.G.," I said. 'Well, see if you can get me one, will you?' and out he went. Then he came back again and said 'Not the piano-kind, though.'

"Now that means that if I can't find another revolving chair the governor will want mine. Dash it," the Office Manager was almost petulant, "I need the thing. It doesn't stick half-way round like the newer ones do," and he showed me. When we had picked up his papers from the floor he went on: "When you are dealing with people like Camshaft and Throttlebody's man I've found that if one minute you are staring thoughtfully out of the window, and the next, without a word of warning, you are looking him straight in the eyes, you've got him where you want him. Mind you, I'm rather surprised that R.G. hasn't got one. Whenever I go in to see him he's brooding in that arm-chair of his... By the way," and he swung round on his axis and stared at me, "you haven't got a revolving chair, have you?"

I cleared my throat. "Well, as a matter of fact..."

"Splendid. Now if we can't get one immediately from Sales I'll lend the Managing Director mine, you'll lend me yours, and you can

have it back when the Sales Manager produces his."

I gazed bleakly at my pencil. "I must point out," I said, "that one of the arms is mended with adhesive tape, and if I twirl round more than twice running there's a horrid grinding noise from somewhere, and..."

"Right. But it's not the piano-stool type, is it? What is a piano-stool type, anyway?"

"You go up and down as well as round. My old aunt..."

"See to it then, lad."

On my way out I visited Miss Sherlock, head of the typing section. "Miss Sherlock," I began heavily, "I'm afraid... Would you mind lending the Office Manager your revolving chair for a couple of days?"

She revolved round to me. "My dear boy, every time we lend anything to the Office Manager—what was it last time, again? Oh yes, the umbrella the typists keep for

rainy lunch-times—he simply looks blank when we ask him to return it."

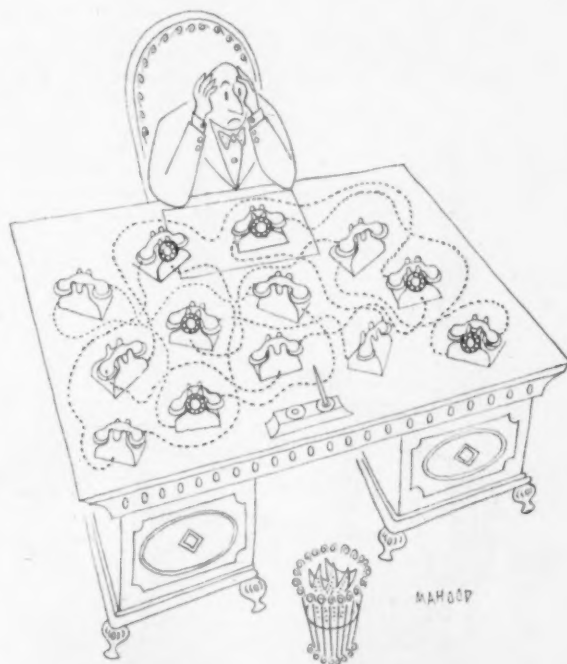
"Well," I said "he's got to give his to R.G., but I'm ordering another one now from Sales, and—you can rely on me, you know that."

"That's rather different, of course," and Miss Sherlock offered me a mint lump. "I'll be only too glad to have a new one. For one thing, this one tilts if I lean forward, and I always say that tilts can be so unexpected. I prefer the kind that goes up and down like a piano stool."

"It's very kind of you, Miss Sherlock," I said, warmly, "and if there's anything I can do about increasing the allocation of carbon paper, well..."

I returned to my table, seated myself comfortably and began affectionately to pat the adhesive tape on the arm of my chair, undulating gently the while...

FERGUSON MACLAY



FAILURE OF A MISSION

"DID you see him?" asked my popsie.

"Yes," I said.

"What did he say?"

"Which bit do you want?" I said. "He was talking for four hours."

"To you?"

"To everyone who was there."

"What did he say to you?" she asked.

"He asked after you."

"What did he say?"

"I just told you."

"Yes, but what did he say?"

"He said 'How's your popsie?'"

"What did you say?"

"I said that you were fine."

"Is that all?" said my popsie. "Couldn't you think of anything witty?"

"Yes," I lied. "I said that you were probably surrounded at that very moment by other ex-nurses, all talking about babies and brain surgery."

"What a silly thing to say," my popsie said. "We were talking about heterophobia. What did you say that for?"

Recognizing the hopeless approach of impasse or third degree, I chose third degree. "I didn't say it," I confessed.

"Why did you say you did say you did?" asked my popsie excitedly.

"I don't know," I said. "I wanted to make you happy. I feel tired."

"What did you really say?"

"I said you were fine."

"Good gracious!" said my popsie. "Is that all you said to him all night?"

"I also said I would have a whisky."

"You're hopeless," said my popsie. "You should have given him a whisky. He'll remember you as the character who wouldn't buy him a whisky."

"He liked my ideas," I said.

"You told him about them?"

"No," I said, "but in his speech he made reference to them."

"Did he mention that the ideas were yours?"

"Well, no," I said. "I couldn't expect him to start advertising me in the middle of a speech. Why

should he? Besides, as long as he was satisfied—"

"Do you think he noticed you at all?" asked my popsie desperately.

"I think so," I said. "If he didn't then, he will to-morrow."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, I find that I've brought home his umbrella."

S S

THE PLUMBER

THE plumber pulled the jangling bell

As eight began to strike.

He came festooned with loops of tube

Upon an ancient bike.

We rushed about and cleared the decks

To get him started like.

The dislocated day went back

To what it ought to be,

And all day long the plumber sang

Or whistled dolefully,

And told strange tales of human homes,

And drank great cups of tea.

And when we laid our bosoms bare

And told him our mishaps,

He spoke of cone and thimble joints,

Of overflows and taps,

Of seal and soil and siphonage

And flushing-rims and traps:

He spoke familiarly of these,

Without respect or scorn,

As butchers speak of sides of beef,

Or seamen of Cape Horn,

Retailing the ineffable

As to the manner born.

And all the time his careful hands

Carried the business through,

Making it all as tight and sweet

As when it had been new,

Doing with expert ease what I

Would give my eyes to do.

P. M. HUBBARD





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 10

The subject under debate on the Floor was the Army Estimates, which were destined to keep the

House of Commons:
The Army Reviewed

House sitting until nearly three the following morning. But the greater interest lay in countless other gatherings in the Palace of Westminster, at which plans for (a) the downing of the Bevanites, (b) the triumph of the Bevanites, and (c) compromise, were eagerly debated.

For the echo of the division at the end of last week's Defence debate still rang through the building—and far beyond. Fifty-seven Labour Members (inevitably referred to as those who put the Party in a pickle) then defied the Party whips and voted against the Government's defence plans. Ever since, the pro- and anti-factions had been hard at work.

Almost the only time the debate on the Army seemed at all lively was when Mr. WOODROW WYATT obliquely brought in the subject of the hot war in his Party. He did so in terms which did not suggest that the peacemakers stood a great chance of success—for he said big cuts in armaments, apart from being "lunacy," would mean havoc in industry and disastrous weakening of the Army. And—if possible, worse still—they might increase the danger of war.

Colonel Wroe, also from the Labour benches, alleged that the Brigade of Guards produced the least efficient officers—and seemed surprised when this drew on him a searing reply from Army men opposite, whether they were of the Brigade or not. The Colonel explained defensively that he had been criticized for serving in the Army Educational Corps, and it seemed that his attack was by way of reprisal. It took some time for the anger to die down.

It took still longer for the House to dispose of the Estimates, not so much because there was anything to

talk about as because it is the tradition to take a long time over the Estimates. But most of the Opposition side stayed at their private meetings, "out of doors" as Mr. CHURCHILL always puts it.

Tuesday, March 11

There is little doubt that Mr. "RAB" BUTLER enjoyed the task of presenting his first Budget. He has often employed the technique of leading his hearers gently up the garden path, and then—quite unexpectedly—

House of Commons:
Budget Day



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Hoad
Secretary of State for War
(Carnhalton)

producing (and occasionally dropping) a gay bouquet of flowers or a very hard piece of rock.

Over and over again he employed this method to-day in presenting proposals to meet, as he put it, the "serious issues" presented by the difficult economic situation. For instance, when he came, at last, to the taxation and economy proposals, he built up, in grey and black, a grim picture before putting an almost gay border or frame around it. This was particularly so when he spoke of the cuts he intended to make in the food subsidies—from a current "ceiling" of some £410 millions to £250 millions.

There was an eagerly angry roar from the Opposition and everybody sat up expectantly, one or two exclaiming "Class war!" Here was the dynamite that had been looked for by the Labour "rebels" and leaders alike as a

possible—if somewhat unconventional—balm for their troubles.

The Chancellor mildly waited for silence, then went on to outline plans by which those most in need will get aid in meeting the increased cost of food. The National Assistance Board will, in due course, make recommendations to give extra State cash to those with whom it is more immediately concerned. Pensions are to be increased. Family Allowances are to go up from 5s. to 8s. a week (A great roar rose from the Government benches, and Mr. B. permitted himself a small satisfied chuckle.) And, for everybody else, there were little improvements in income-tax—better earned income allowance, a bigger married allowance, and other reliefs...

A gasp of relieved pleasure rose from the Government benches, then another great exultant roar, with challenging cries to the Members opposite to "Cheer!" The invitation was not accepted.

The biggest roar—this time of fury—came from the Opposition, when Mr. B., early on, announced the raising of the Bank Rate from 2½ per cent to 4 per cent. Benignly surveying the shouting Members, the Chancellor murmured "Wait..." and then went on calmly with his speech. The whole thing really was rather astonishing, for this great austerity Budget did not seem to be turning out at all according to expectations. Taxation reliefs? In a crisis Budget?

"Yes," said the Chancellor, "to encourage extra effort by letting those who work harder and longer get the benefit of their effort. Incentive!"

Another one-sided roar.

"And," said the Chancellor, "it is estimated that the increased cost of food, consequent on the cutting of the subsidies, will add about 1s. 6d. per head per week to the cost of living."

"Ahhhhh!" cried the Opposition triumphantly. Here was something.

"But a worker can, by reason



"Yes, I'd throw some away if only I could remember what they are for."

of the tax reliefs, easily earn enough extra to cover this increase many times over," said Mr. B. "And two million workers will be relieved of income-tax completely."

"Abhhhhhh!" cried the Government side, triumphantly. *There* was something.

And so it went on, something on petrol, on the car tax, a bit more for 'phone calls, an Excess Profits Levy, until, after an hour and fifty minutes (with only pure water as occasional refreshment), the Chancellor sat down to the greatest paper-waving, cheering ovation any Chancellor has had for many years. It was a personal triumph—and Mr. CHURCHILL, roaring his own cheers until he was red in the face, gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder; several, in fact. The Chancellor darted a quick smile towards Mrs. Butler, sitting attentively in the Speaker's Gallery, then turned his

attention to Mr. ATTLEE, who cautiously said he did not intend to go into details in his criticism—at the moment. He did add that the Budget contained good, bad and indifferent things, but did not specify categories.

Everybody rushed out to talk excitedly about the Budget of Surprises, while Mr. BUTLER almost gaily dropped his notes into the battered dispatch-box in which the great Gladstone used to keep his relatively puny Budget secrets. Perhaps he thought wistfully (as some of his hearers certainly did) of the palmy days when an increase in income-tax from 4*d.* to 5*d.* in the £ caused uproar—the angry kind.

Soon afterwards—the resolutions giving immediate effect to the urgent taxes having been passed at speed—the House rose. Members went home through a crowd of ladies and gentlemen gathered on

the pavements outside, who appeared to have been misinformed about the contents of the Budget, and whose chanted slogans seemed to be more relevant to (erroneous) advance information than to the Budget itself.

Wednesday, March 12

It was clear that Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL did not enjoy his task of leading the attack

House of Commons:
The Attack Opens

on the Budget, but, loyal Party man that he is, he carried out his task with vigour and a surprising note of conviction. His case was that the whole thing was rather like those nylons the incautious are apt to buy in the streets—it seemed wonderful and even glamorous till one got it home, unwrapped it and had a good look.

More will be heard of all this. A great deal more.



[I Believe in You]

Hon. Ursula—URSULA HOWELLS; Norma—JOAN COLLINS
Hooker—HARRY FOWLER; Mr. Phipps—CECIL PARKER

AT THE PICTURES

I Believe in You—Red Skies of Montana



SOME of us are now in an exaggerated state of sensitivity with regard to an Ealing Studios film: we are on edge until what could be called a characteristic "Ealing touch" appears, and when it does our vague irritation is disproportionately increased by the screeching delight of those members of the audience for whom the "Ealing touch" is an Ealing film's most important quality if not its only reason for being. *I Believe in You* (Directors: MICHAEL RELPH and BASIL DEARDEX) is a good, conscientious, entertaining account of the gradual education in humanity of a retired Colonial Office man who takes on—knowing nothing about it—the job of probation officer at a London court, and it has a great deal of excellent detail; but from the rapture with which half the audience greets such an incidental as the off-hand mention of nits ("red ones") one knows that that sort of thing is what they most like and that the more often they are moved to turn to each other and say "Oo, whatever next!" the better they will think the picture. But one ought not, I agree, to let so specialized an irritation blind one to the general merit of a work, and it is undeniable that this does very well and sympathetically present the working of the probation system. The fact that the people shown as on

probation are types—the embryo spiv, the good-time girl, the well-born drunk and so on—was probably unavoidable, for any reader of police-court news will know that these types do, in fact, constantly recur. A more annoying defect is that somebody, convinced of the absolute necessity of a suspense-and-pursuit climax, has contrived a situation in which the startled probation officer (CECIL PARKER) positively gets himself arrested on a whisky-stealing job with one of his difficult protégés. Nevertheless as a whole the picture makes a pleasant, humane impression, adding up to a tribute, the more effective because not explicit, to the work of the men and women who take so much trouble to prevent people from turning into criminals: a job which, though much less dramatic than the one of catching those who have turned into criminals, must be infinitely more satisfying.

Red Skies of Montana (Director: JOSEPH M. NEWMAN) is impressive in the same sort of documentary way as *Steel Town*, and indeed still more impressive; in front of the fascinating, savagely beautiful background of spectacular forest fires we have an overwrought melodrama that it is hard to take seriously. It depends, in fact, on one of those maniacally obsessed, self-dramatizing youths without whom so

many such stories would fall apart. He thinks the leader of a squad of "smoke jumpers" or parachute fire-fighters was the sole survivor of it through cowardice and not by accident; the youth's father was a member of this squad, and it doesn't seem to have occurred to anybody that his passion to be revenged on the leader is just as crazy when he believes the reason to have been cowardice as it would be when he is opportunely convinced (and this makes him quite happy all of a sudden) that it was not. The real strength of the film is in the truly astounding and very well managed colour pictures of the fires (the one that did for that squad covered five square miles) and the interesting account of the organization and routine of the constant fight against them. As the suspected leader, RICHARD WIDMARK has basically the same sort of part as he has had in many war films.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Not that you need, I imagine, to have your attention drawn to *A Streetcar Named Desire* (12/3/52), but that is the London show for anyone out for good acting. The usually infallible ALEC GUINNESS is hardly ARNOLD BENNETT's character in *The Card* (12/3/52), which is otherwise playfully amusing.

Releases include *Hunted* (27/2/52), a good atmospheric pursuit story with a clever small boy in it; and *The Model and the Marriage Broker* (20/2/52), sentimental but enjoyable.

RICHARD MALLETT



(Red Skies of Montana)

Cliff Mason—RICHARD WIDMARK



[The Deep Blue Sea]
 Freddie Page—MR. KENNETH MORE
 Heater Collyer—MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT
 William Collyer—MR. ROLAND CULVER

AT THE PLAY

The Deep Blue Sea (Duchess)

King Lear (Old Vic)

The Vortex (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

A CONCENTRATED study of a woman trapped and tortured by a love that takes possession of her whole life, *The Deep Blue Sea* is the best full-length play Mr. TERENCE RATTIGAN has given us, one which in strength of writing and understanding brings him a distinct stage farther in his development as a serious dramatist. Its close-up of frustration, confined to a drab room and to the events of one day, is handled with so precise a theatrical skill that the solution of the situation becomes intensely exciting.

The play opens with the woman's attempted suicide. She has left her husband, a middle-aged judge, and is living with a young test-pilot who has taken to the bottle. Hearty and incoherent, he is incapable of response to her deep and single-minded passion, being indeed embarrassed by it. One's first reaction is to wonder why such a woman, neither light nor foolish, should have abandoned so obviously sound a man for a drifting waster. But then a short scene in which the pilot explains his perplexity to a friend shows him to be touchingly likeable, a simple fellow hopelessly out of his depth; while another makes us realize that to the judge, in spite of his generosity and distress, his wife

has never been more than a part of his personal empire. At every point Mr. RATTIGAN has delicately balanced the conflict. There are no harsh judgments; we are in sympathy with each of his characters. The play ends, I will not say how, on a note of courage introduced by a fourth character who has suffered deeply, and learned.

Mr. RATTIGAN conducts this scrupulous examination of the human heart without storms, in taut dialogue drawing most of its effect from understatement. Only once, I think, does Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT raise her voice, yet she has never offered fuller proof of her range as a tragic actress than she does in this long and gruelling part. It is a magnificent performance. As the husband Mr. ROLAND CULVER matches it faultlessly, with an iron restraint that is at the same time tender; Mr. KENNETH MORE reveals the lover's dilemma tellingly, and Mr. PETER ILLING is very good as a refugee doctor. Produced impeccably by Mr. FRITH BARNBURY, this is the play to put top of your list.

The Old Vic's *King Lear* is not helped by a set that suggests a corner of a geological museum, occasionally cut off by a slide of old portcullises, like a feudal trap for heffalumps. But a more serious flaw in Mr. HUGH HUNT's production is a loss of poetry, so that we are rarely swept beyond reason, as we should be, into simple feeling. The grave inaudibility that marked the first night may be more easily remedied than the failure of Mr. STEPHEN MURRAY, whose *Lear* at his most broken is moving, to convey any sustained sense of majesty. Miss

CORAL BROWNE, speaking refreshingly well, makes a bold *Regan*, and Miss DAPHNE SLATER a satisfactory *Cordelia*. Mr. ANDRÉ MORELL's *Kent* and Mr. PETER COKE's *Edgar* also stand out, but I thought Mr. LEO MCKERN's *Fool* too sinister and unfunny, and Miss FREDJA JACKSON's *Goneril* too self-consciously wicked.

It is more than twenty-five years since *The Vortex* shook London and launched Mr. NOEL COWARD as a playwright. What then seemed very daring has ceased to surprise us, but *Nicky Lancaster's* showdown with his pathologically frivolous mother still comes effectively to life, even if the last tumultuous act now appears more theatrical than conclusive. The play's wit still bites. Miss ISABEL JEANS makes a dazzlingly artificial *Mrs. Lancaster*, and carries off the final storms brilliantly. Mr. DIRK BOGARDE is a more sensitive *Nicky* than, I think, has been generally allowed; and as the family friend Miss ADRIANNE ALLEN is excellent.

Recommended

Nightmare Abbey (Westminster). Peacock's satire on the Gothic-romantic, faithfully adapted. *The Love of Four Colonels* (Wyndham's). Ustinov's clever interlocking charades. *Colomb* (New), medium Anouilh, miscast in the lead but very well acted. ERIC KEOWN



[King Lear]
 Gloucester—MR. JOHN PHILLIPS; Lear—MR. STEPHEN MURRAY; Kent—MR. ANDRÉ MORELL

BOOKING OFFICE

Tepid Applause

Reputation for a Song. Edward Grierson. Chatto and Windus, 10/6

The Edge of the Forest. James Dillon White, Heinemann, 12/6

Finale Berlin. Heinz Reiss. Werner Laurie, 15/-

The Spur. Ardyth Kennelly. Gollancz, 12/6

REPUTATION for a Song is an unpretentious and enjoyable tale about a crime in a small country town and the trial that follows it. Mr. Edward Grierson makes the legal duel exciting because we already know the facts. We see how far the evidence is the truth, how far the whole truth and nothing but the truth. After reading so many detective stories one feels quite surprised to find how interesting consecutive narration can be, with the beginning placed at the beginning and not, as in the whodunit, at the end. There is nothing profound in this book and some readers may think it rather humdrum and old-fashioned. I found it a very pleasant change.

The Edge of the Forest is anything but a change. Mr. James Dillon White has knowledge, pity, passion and competence. The trouble is that after a war there is so much personal experience about that it needs exceptional literary skill to present it memorably. Even if this were the first novel about the problems of a Displaced Persons' Camp it would still fall into the general group showing first-hand knowledge of the difficulties facing an Occupying Power. The friction between the sympathetic British Major who believes that he can stop the murder of German farmers by armed hands without turning the camp into a prison and the go-getting Captain who wants to apply tough measures is a more interesting theme than the mystery of the gang-leader's identity: it ought not to be necessary to pep up a novel of contemporary history with a "most unlikely person" puzzle. However, this is a straightforward job, and perhaps the more frequently the problems it raises are posed the better.

I am afraid that Herr Heinz Reiss's *Finale Berlin* left me in a similarly tepid mood. It is an account of the German collapse as seen through the eyes of a deserter who joins the German Underground. It is very like other accounts of air-raids and street fighting and war-weariness. Apparently it is aimed at a public still half-impressed with National Socialism. The frequent denunciations of Gestapo brutality, lying propaganda and the readiness of the German to obey any government as long as it is successful might be more striking to the author's compatriots than to a British reader. As a picture of life "the other side of the hill" it has some interesting detail, but the undistinguished descriptive writing makes it compare unfavourably with the anti-militarist literature that Germany produced after the previous war. Its naivety of tone may be due partly to the translator; but it is most noticeable when Herr Reiss is steering a

difficult course in discussing what is to happen after the final defeat. His cautious attitude to the Party Line is the chief interest of the book.

The Spur is an historical novel about John Wilkes Booth and the murder of Lincoln. Miss Ardyth Kennelly goes in for interior monologue, spasms of historical-novelesque and the picturesque. However, the character of the assassin and the excitement of the pursuit soon grip the reader, and the method of telling this tried and indestructible story ceases to infuriate. Miss Kennelly treats the crime purely as a result of Booth's psychological make-up. The political background is played down to avoid distracting attention from Booth's insane jealousy, exhibitionism and sense of inferiority to the serving Confederate soldiers. She mentions a number of books she has consulted, including Eisenschiml's "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?" but she ignores his closely-documented arguments for Stanton's complicity. If the Secretary for War merely cashed in on the murder to fake a conspiracy trial and incite public opinion against the South, it is difficult to explain his curious behaviour before the assassination.

I do not want to end this review on a grudging note and warmly recommend Eisenschiml's book, which was published by Faber in 1937.

R. G. G. PRICE

The American Expedition. Sven Waxell. William Hodge, 15/-

Of special interest to explorers and historians, *The American Expedition* is a book with an odd story behind the one it tells. The journal of Sven Waxell, Behring's second-in-command on the expedition that settled the long-disputed question of the relationship of Asia and America, was "lost" in the Imperial library of the Tsars for nearly two hundred years. It turned up,



"What's top headache now we've finalized that memorandum on de-jargonization?"

in MS form, in a Moscow bookshop after the Revolution, was translated out of its curious but fluent German by a Danish scholar, and in its present form has been retranslated and edited, with notes, by M. A. Michael. Its Swedish author describes his journal as "a sea-farer's account"; and in that phrase perfectly sums up the modest competence of the good second-in-command, Behring, towards the end of his terrible voyagings, was physically a wreck and mentally daunted; his right-hand man forbears all but the briefest allusions to him, being too honest to lie and too loyal to tell the truth he felt might detract from Behring's fame. The story of the fantastic preparations for the expedition—in a tragic sense, funnier than "Dead Souls"—and Waxell's dogged account of the actual voyages themselves constitute the raw material of an unwritten epic. There are many excellent maps and the book production is a very sound job.

R. C. S.

Return to Chesterton. Maisie Ward. *Sheed and Ward*, 21/-.

If Stratford had found a congenial biographer for the Bard and given him or her unique access to all available material, the result would probably be something like the Beaconsfield outlook enshrined in Miss Maisie Ward's "Gilbert Keith Chesterton" and its sequel *Return to Chesterton*. The disreputable associates at The Mermaid might have been let off more lightly than the Distributists. After all, the Bard probably made some money as the indirect result of his boon-companionship; and Chesterton lost heavily over "G. K.'s Weekly." "The Devil didn't like it, and it died," as Belloc might have said. The present book is an assiduous gleaning

of personal memories of G. K. C., proffered mostly by rather undiscerning people and assembled on the principle—a disastrous one—that "every detail about him is of importance." There are one or two good letters, verses and drawings; and a delightful jacket by Thomas Derrick.

H. F. E.

Claudio Monteverdi. H. F. Redlich; translated by Kathleen Dale. *Oxford University Press*, 21/-.

In *Claudio Monteverdi* Hans Redlich gives a fresh impetus to the resurgence of interest in the great Italian madrigalist which has been welling up for nearly thirty years, although his craftsmanlike volume appears in Kathleen Dale's English translation at a time when its impact may—but should not—be lessened by the recent appearance of Schrade's larger but less objective study. Dr. Redlich correlates the artist with the opportunities of his age and the use he made of them: he places Monteverdi at a great turning point in musical history, where traditional polyphony first gave place to the lyrical expressionism which was to exert so profound an influence on the future of composition. Himself the supreme exponent of the older school, Monteverdi also illuminated much of the road to the great music-dramas of the nineteenth century, by his treatment of music as a projection of words and his use of the *leit-motif* inspired by dramatic considerations.

J. D.

SHORTER NOTES

The Making of Our Towns. Sir William Savage. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 21/-. Distinguished retired M.O.H., looking deeper into his job than most, studies the origins and development (or decay) of various towns in this island, with many apt citations from contemporary documents. A fascinating first-aid to the study of local history. An impassioned localist implies his distrust of over-centralized administration and of the competence of Planners to compress the work of centuries into months. A good-tempered, wise, well-written book.

Opportunity Knocks Once. Sir Campbell Stuart. *Collins*, 25/-. Scion of leading Canadian family becomes Managing Director of *The Times* at thirty-three, runs Imperial Telecommunications, tours the Empire and U.S.A. promoting goodwill, serves on innumerable charitable committees, goes everywhere, does everything, knows everybody. Strange picture of Canadian influence in official London. Fascinating gaps in record. One of the few autobiographies with bibliography.

Flight Eastward. John Foree. *Cape*, 12/6. Novel about a flight to India that begins with much very careful, vivid descriptive writing; some violent and thrillerish incident then comes as a surprise. The author's attitude to his characters also has a thrillerish lack of detachment (the heroine has "level grey eyes" and all sympathetic males "grin" where an unsympathetic one gives a "sardonic twist of thin lips"). But the "feel" of the flight is very well conveyed.

Two Pleasures for Your Choosing. Cunneen Chap-pell. *Falcon Press*, 12/6. Biography of William Crook-ford, the alum fishmonger and gangster who skinned a generation of gambling maniacs of vast sums of money. All the "it's in dissipation are relentlessly dotted in this vivid but careless book, that even gives Hugh Walpole the tenancy of Strawberry Villa. Good notes help to redeem it.

Winding Ways. Winifred Peck. *Faber*, 12/6. Lady Peck's excellent social comedy has speech-day at a public school for girls as background. Valuable pearls disappear, plot and counterplot surround the headship, four lovers find happiness; numerous characters live and atmosphere is perfectly conveyed. A delightful picture of many people's England.



"And another thing—you haven't told me that you love me for years!"
"I love you."



"The last chap that had this job was gigantic—colossal!"

THEORY

AS she dropped the magazine on to her lap and leaned sideways to turn down the volume of the radio, Mrs. Chubb glanced across at her husband. Mr. Chubb was pursing his lips gravely over a notebook, and he hadn't spoken for twenty minutes. Mrs. Chubb frowned, and picking up the magazine turned a page with a sharp swish.

Presently Mr. Chubb began to whistle a slow tune under his breath. Then, deliberately licking the point of his pencil, he added a couple of words to the page with great care, drew a line at the bottom with a flourish, and sat back to regard his handiwork with his head on one side and an eyebrow critically

raised. He looked up momentarily at his wife, but she pretended not to notice. He began to whistle again, accompanying the radio half a tone flat, and drumming on the notebook with his pencil.

At last Mrs. Chubb raised her eyes, and found him looking at her.

"Well," said Mrs. Chubb. "What is it now?"

With a satisfied expression Mr. Chubb folded back the notebook and passed it to her. Then, putting the pencil on the coffee-table, he settled himself back in his chair and began to examine his nails.

"Alertly," Mrs. Chubb read, "Bruce Chubb dodged each frenzied giraffe."

There was a pause. Mrs. Chubb looked up slowly. Mr. Chubb had assumed a fixed, rather mocking smile. She held his gaze for a moment, soberly, and then read on.

"He insisted jokingly (kissing little Mabel's nose) on putting questions rather sternly to Umbopo," read Mrs. Chubb. "Very warningly, Xenophon yelled 'Zebras!'"

Mrs. Chubb did not lift her eyes from the page for some time. At last she reached out to switch off the radio, and, in the silence, looked steadily at her husband, biting her lower lip thoughtfully. Under this scrutiny Mr. Chubb crossed and uncrossed his legs and cleared his throat.

"That passage," said Mr. Chubb importantly, "contains twenty-six words."

Mrs. Chubb made no comment. "The initial letters of those words," continued Mr. Chubb, with a certain triumph, "are in alphabetical order, from A to Z!"

Mrs. Chubb blinked very slowly,

and then read the passage again. A glazed, far-away look came into her eyes, as though she were trying to remember the name of someone she had known at school.

"There's a theory," said Mr. Chubb briskly, "that you can learn a lot about a person's subconscious if you make them do that exercise."

"Is there, now?" said Mrs. Chubb, nodding at him expressionlessly.

"For instance," Mr. Chubb went on, "you can easily deduce from my effort that I have always been fascinated by the idea of going on safari." His voice became dreamy. He leaned back with his eyes half closed. "Umbopo, you see, would

probably be a native guide. He'd know the terrain and the local dialects and all that."

Mrs. Chubb nodded. "Xenophon would be a little out of his depth, though, wouldn't he?" she said.

"Mm?" said Mr. Chubb. "Oh. Well, he was more or less forced on me."

"I see," said Mrs. Chubb. "And this Mabel person—I suppose she was forced on you too, was she?"

"Well . . ." said Mr. Chubb awkwardly. "You have to bear in mind that it isn't an easy thing to do."

Still eyeing him, Mrs. Chubb switched on the radio and took up

her magazine. She began to read, but she wasn't really concentrating. Mr. Chubb, quite undaunted, pulled his chair a little nearer to the fire and occupied himself with the construction of a camel from two pipe-cleaners.

When he had got as far as the shaping of the hind legs Mrs. Chubb, reaching secretly for the pencil, began to scribble in a casual way on a blank space in her magazine. Mr. Chubb was whistling again, very busily.

"Ash blonde crooners," wrote Mrs. Chubb, with some surprise, "dance every Friday, grinning happily . . ."

ALEX ATKINSON

THE TEMPLE OF FAME

THIS is the Hall of Mirrors. Yonder the Glazier stands,
An old-style brass-knobbed Lie-Detector clasped in his
toil-worn hands,
Watching the warped reflections of the simpering
passers-by
And listening-out for the ringing tone that signalizes
a lie.

Some aver that the Mirrors are perfectly plane and true:

"That calm-eyed, strong-faced man," they say, "is the Essential You."

Perhaps he is; but if he be (look in the Glass again),

His long, grey, drooping, furry ears are difficult to explain.

If I should promenade the Hall, what might the Glazier see?

What knock-kneed, red-nosed, shambling shape, appallingly like me?

Or, if the Mirror should show him what fain I would believe,

How if his brazen Instrument should carol like New Year's Eve?

No; highly as I esteem myself, and much as I care for Fame,

I will not run the gauntlet: I shall leave by the way I came,

By the door in the wall behind me—the safe, respectable door,

The—where on earth has it got to? I know it was here before!

G. D. R. DAVIES



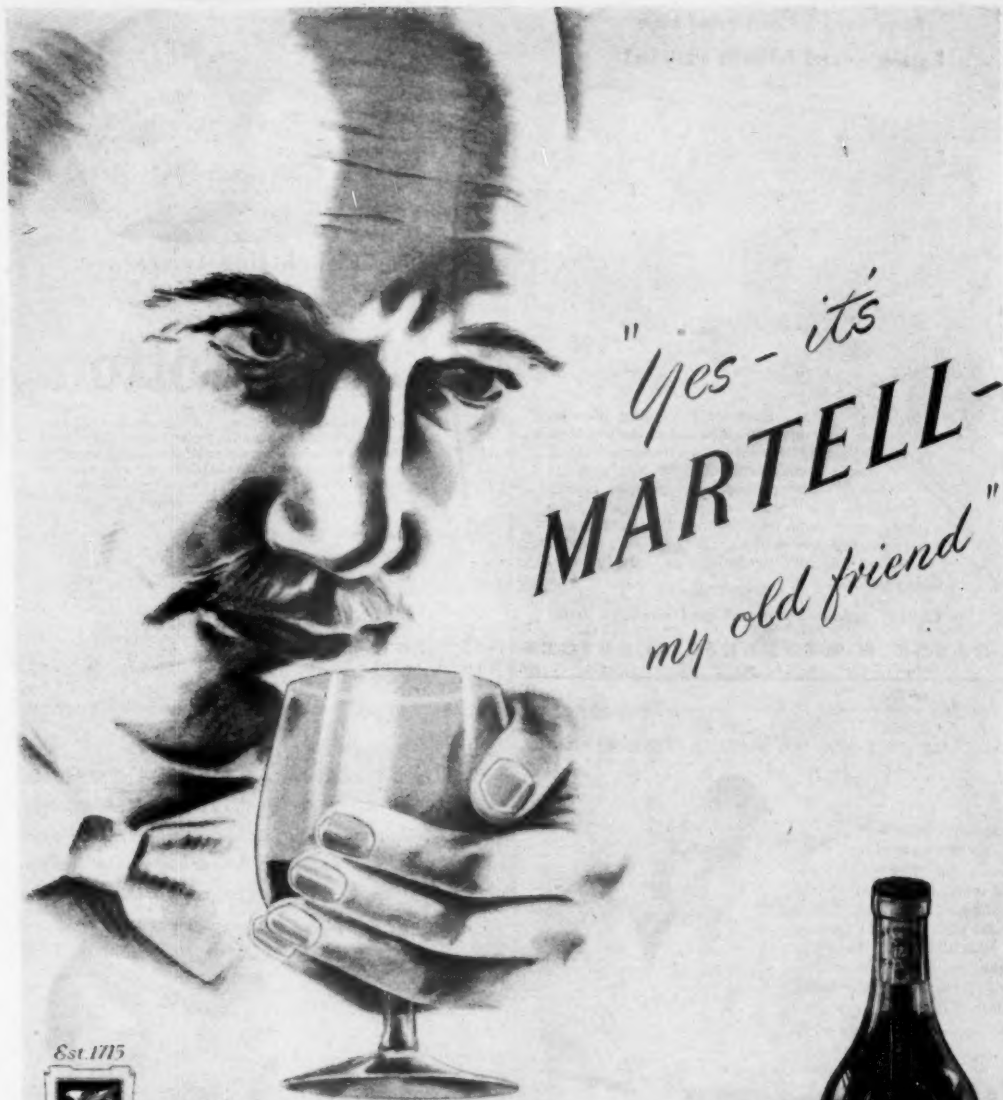
Dossell

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"Yes - it's
MARTELL -
my old friend"

Est. 1775



MARTELL CORDON BLEU

A very fine Liqueur Brandy

also CORDON ARGENT and EXTRA



Anne says he can read now
Let's send him a cable!



What a milestone in a young life—his first, very own cable, and all the way from England! How it will be treasured and put carefully away in the little drawer, with the lock of hair and the early snaps, to emerge perhaps, thirty years on. And a woman's voice may say, "Daddy got this from his Granny when he was a little boy like you, when he learnt to read". Cables are like that: something to remember, something significant.



a CABLE means so much and costs so little

CABLE & WIRELESS SERVICES



LET'S HOPE WE HAVE A FINE SUMMER!

We're looking forward to it just as much as Len Hutton . . . but, as he says, "A man should be prepared for anything . . . and that's just what I did when I bought my new Robert Hirst Raincoat." For style, cut, finish and protection in any weather . . . you can't buy better than a Robert Hirst.



Len Hutton

Robert Hirst & Co. Ltd., of Hammerain House, Bradford, Yorks; and also at 205, Regent Street, London, W.1., will be pleased to send address of nearest stockist on request.



G.D. 3048

Robert Hirst

Raincoats

Perfection in protection



Such fine tobacco

-Fragrant
John Cotton

It has made a habit of satisfying . . . this tried and trusted John Cotton. Each pipeful, each cigarette burns cool and sweet, fragrant to the end with never a trace of artificial flavouring to mar its perfection. For 180 years, others have smoked John Cotton and pronounced it good; why not put their judgment to the test?

John Cotton
Tobacco Men.
1 and 2, 4/9 oz.
No. 4, 4/5 oz.
Empire 4 1/2 oz.



John Cotton
No. 1.
Cigarettes
3/11
for 20

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1778

Unruffled . . . Hair groomed with Silvifix Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvifix really *controls* your hair . . . without gumming or greasiness . . . and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual.
4/6 a jar, including tax.



Schweppshire Post

VOL. CICLXVIII No. 96

CIRENSCHWEPSTER, 1952

SCHWEPPENCE

COUNCILLOR COLLIDES WITH COW

ESCAPES WITH SLIGHT ABRASIONS

Schweppon Muller, Tardav

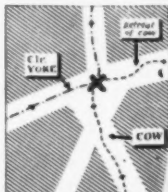
A small automobile was the focus of what might have been an unpleasant event for Schweppshire this morning. Pedestrians were taken unaware when



Councillor Yoke (left). Cow (right)

Councillor Alfred Yoke, turning past Galway Mansions, found himself face to face with an unguarded Shorthorn, which, but for Yoke's presence of mind, might have received serious injury.

POST has long campaigned for one way traffic in Waterworks Lane. Here, if further proof were needed, a further proof that yet another POST campaign should not be allowed to join the realm of lost causes.



Powers sign treaty

"A TURNING POINT" SAYS ENVOY
SCHWEPPSHIRE FIRM SUPPLIED BLOTTER



AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The more than international interest aroused by the Guide to Schweppshire demands a response. We hope, during 1952, to be able to reprint pages from our daily organ, THE SCHWEPPSHIRE POST, thus vividly pin-pointing, uniquely, SCHWEPPSHIRE'S LIFE TO-DAY

... for ye that fare further, longer is the way ...

Where Schweppshire SPEAKS to the World

Our 2,000th Registered Reader will meet the Editors of 'POST'

Everyone in Cirenschweppster knows the POST offices at the corner of Groabham Gardens, spaciouly designed to give pleasant working conditions to our eager staff. Triple fenestration allows maximum egress to light and air, and a lofty aspect overlooks one of Cirenschweppster's most teeming scenes.

Telephonic communication puts POST within immediate reach of Schweppshire's farthest corners. A delivery van, on which we have first claims, (TURN TOP & COL. 6)



The Offices of POST (arrow) Visible in the picture:

- 1 Home and Colonial Editor
- 2 City and Fashion Editor
- 3 Agricultural and Art Editor
- 4 Schweppshire Lad (Sport and Public Relations)

STREETCAR KIDNAPPED in Hove, Pa.

SCHWEPPSHIRE VISITOR got off in time

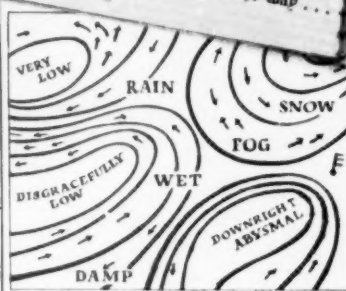
1. Johns, our local apothecary, nearly had first-hand experience of gang warfare, when (TURN TO P. 2, col. 2)

World Premiere

NEW FILM ACCLAIMED

Schweppshire Man in charge of Buffet

I chanced on "Bandy" Rombold of Aden Gardens dealing out drinks smartly to a (TURN TOP & COL. 6)



WEATHER FORECAST. GENERAL: Dull intervals. NORTH: Dull all day. SOUTH: Intensely dull. MIDDLE: Schweppitome of dullness.

Written by Stephen Patten - Drawn by Lewis-Ham



The welcome bustle of leaving moorings . . . and the settling into the fitful routine of a passage. The brassy glare of the sun . . . the infinite twinkling of the rippled sea. The 'chunk, chunk' of the wavelets on the hull . . . and the baking stillness of a run before the wind. And for perfection one thing more—

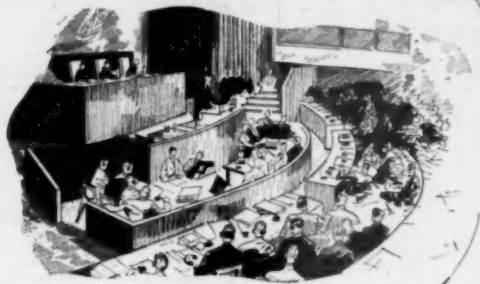
NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 1/2 x 4 1/2 . . . Also Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

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serves mankind



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MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY LTD · MARCONI HOUSE · CHELMSFORD · ESSEX



*Your hair's only
as safe as
your scalp!*

Dandruff ... Falling Hair ... Don't worry ...

There's Nutriline care for both!

Big Chief Falling Hair threatens most men! But cheer up—Nutriline's stimulating tonic action gives you the healthy scalp your hair *must* have—if it is to grow and keep growing! So let Nutriline take care of your scalp—and give your hair a brave new future!

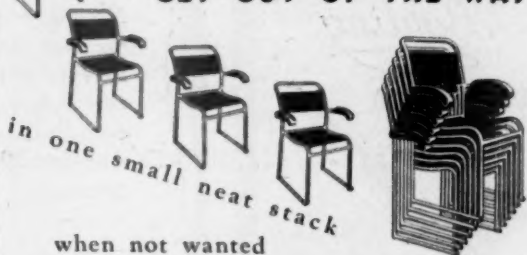
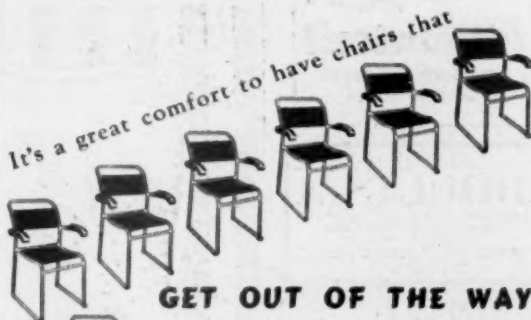


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TONIC HAIR DRESSING

**NOW
ALSO**

For those of you with dry hair
we have specially developed
the new Nutriline
WITH OIL

NVE 50-50-50



PEL CHAIRS NEST

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LONDON 1812

Ye Olde Wood



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finest pipe. Cut
from finest old matured briar, it
represents the achievement of 140
years' pipe making in London.
Also available in Standard
and Sandblast Series.

B. BARLING & SONS
PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812



KNIGHT'S GAMBIT

"Bad luck, Henry. You're
now in check for the tenth
time in fifteen minutes."

"This, Gerald, is not my day."

"You surprise me. The
thought never entered my
head when you took my
Bishop with my Queen. Un-
orthodox play, I said to my-
self, but not without a certain
spectacular brilliance."

"Unorthodox training, old boy
— a slight carousal on the eve of
battle. Not a drop of Rose's all
night. Whose move?"

"Mine. Gin to Rose's Lime
Juice in one."

"Cheers! Already the master
mind is much refreshed. I am
prepared to play you forty boards
blindfold with a large gin and
Rose's in each hand."

ROSE'S—for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

Gale Warning



Every time
your wire-
less pro-
gramme is
interrupted
by a "Gale
Warning"
think of the Lifeboatmen. They
may be answering a call of
distress.

The Lifeboat Service is entirely
supported by voluntary contribu-
tions. Your help is needed.

**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION**
4 GORVENOR GARDENS
LONDON, S.W.1

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Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C.,
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In handy pocket containers at all chemists.

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Blended originally for an
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smokers, this special blend
now enjoys an increasing
demand created by the
recommendations of its
devotees.



17/6
A BOTTLE
Half
Flask **9/3**

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enough it was a lady of the family, Mrs. Aimée Lloyd, a business woman long before the suffragette era, who really established it as the choice of eminent Victorians.

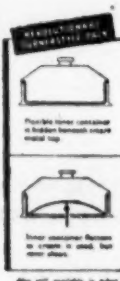
This cream is being made still—unchanged, unhurried and almost (until now) unsung. You should try it; very persuasive to bristles, very soothing to the skin, and with a discreet yet thoroughly masculine fragrance. The name! Lloyd's 'Euxesis'; old-fashioned, perhaps, but who are we to change it after more than a hundred honourable years?

2/6 at most good chemists

LLOYD'S 'Euxesis'
Brushless Shaving Cream

100 years old—and still the finest

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Useful information on the various types of brakes and clutches in use; factors governing the performance of friction materials, and a complete list of Gandy woven and moulded brake and clutch linings with technical data, application and prices.



To obtain YOUR copy tear out this advertisement, pin it to your letterhead and tick whether you require catalogue on Belting ☐ or Friction Materials ☐ (or both).

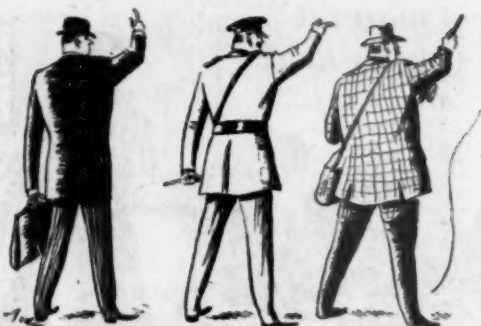
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BELTING & FRICTION MATERIALS

GANDY LTD. 15 WHEATLAND WORKS, WALLASEY, CHESHIRE

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WCF/CS



Three gentlemen with a secret

There's a special art about being a Briton. To do it well, you have to know how to live in these Islands and survive the cold, damp winter. Our three gentlemen have found the answer. They sport Braemar underwear.

The first gentleman hails from the City. He knows that Braemar, though expensive, is a sound investment. It lasts a lifetime. His tailor, incidentally, advises Braemar, as it fits neatly beneath his suits. The second gentleman has spent most of his life in warmer climates and wears Braemar to keep alive in winter. His doctor tells him that Braemar is the best thing for his joints. The third gentleman likes the flight of a bird and the rise of a trout. He has found

that only Braemar underwear keeps him warm when the north wind blows. Their strategic 2-ply reinforcement where it really counts means real comfort and long wear.

Braemars, all hand-finished and shrink resistant, are stocked by better outfitters everywhere, in pure wool, at tax-free prices from £3.10.0 a set. The luxury garments, in pure wool, pure silk, or silk and wool, cost more but are a sound investment in the long run.



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How many times is this repeated before delivery to Customer?



3 MEN

AND A HANDCART

Load, transport over 300 yds., and unload 5 cwt. in 25 minutes

Time per ton = 100 mins.

3 men @ say 2/4 per hr. for 100 mins.

COST - 11/8^d per ton

ONE MAN & A "CONVEYANCER" LIFTS AND TRANSPORTS

Over 300 yds. 1 ton in 3 minutes

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for 3 minutes +

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COST - 2^d per ton



More men freed for production!



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Brown & Polson starch products

IN THE POTTERY INDUSTRY



WHEN liquid glaze dries on pottery ware, it leaves an even coating of finely powdered glass, which very easily rubs off before it is fired. The mere touch of a finger leaves a noticeable thin patch in the finished glaze.

MODIFIED STARCH AS A GLAZE BINDER

The Brown & Polson Group recommended the mixing of modified starch with the liquid glaze, to bind the glass powder to the ware until it was fired. This is now the main use of starch products in the pottery industry.

MODIFIED STARCH BINDERS FOR REDUCING BREAKAGE

Some potteries are using modified starch binders experimentally for strengthening the ware itself before it is fired. They have proved that modified starch mixed with the clay can treble the strength of the delicate, unfired ware, and so save costly breakage during handling and trimming. Modified starch binders have also been widely used for strengthening the big fireclay containers (called 'saggars') in which pottery ware is first fired. Stronger saggars save oven space, for they can be stacked higher without collapsing.

The development of modified starch binders for the pottery industry is one example of the kind of service that the Brown & Polson Group has performed for many widely different industries, and is ready to perform wherever opportunity exists. Enquiries will be answered by responsible experts. They should be addressed to:

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The Industrial Division of

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Judged on past performance, the most dependable investment is an account with Cope's. Behind every transaction is a tradition of 57 years' personal service to sportsmen, based on integrity and fair dealing. Write today for free brochure.

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They tell a story of flashing acceleration and a maximum of over 100 m.p.h. But they cannot describe the quality of the distinctive, individually built Riley. They cannot tell how engine, steering, suspension, brakes and even body, all blend to give Riley character.

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2½ litre Saloon. 1½ litre Saloon.

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD.

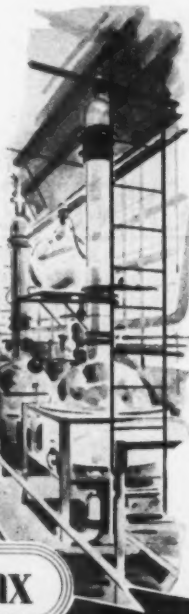
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Guesswork won't do!

* When did you
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brakes tested?

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Prevent **TRAVEL SICKNESS**

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Based on the formula used for our troops in the Normandy "D-day" landings and proved by countless peace-time travellers.

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Start with something extra!



Ask for full details of this unique
Battery Renewal Scheme from
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At age 18: £92 p.a. for three years, or

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Write for details for a child of any age up to 16

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Made by Perry Bevan & Co. Ltd., Birmingham 6.



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PATON'S
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LACES

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PK724
BRAMBER

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There are seven other P-K designs, each with a wide choice of covering materials. Prices range from £10.10.0 to £23.10.0.

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Write for illustrated leaflet

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CVS-52



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Dainty and Delicious.
Health-Giving and easily Digested
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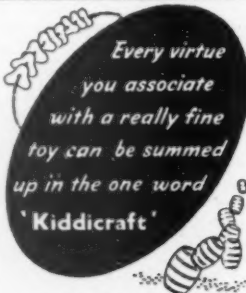
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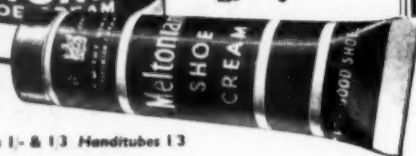
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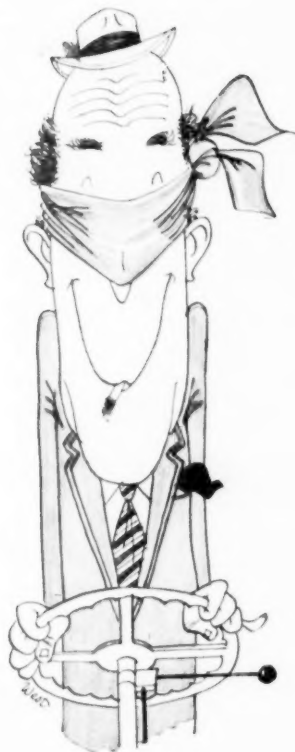
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